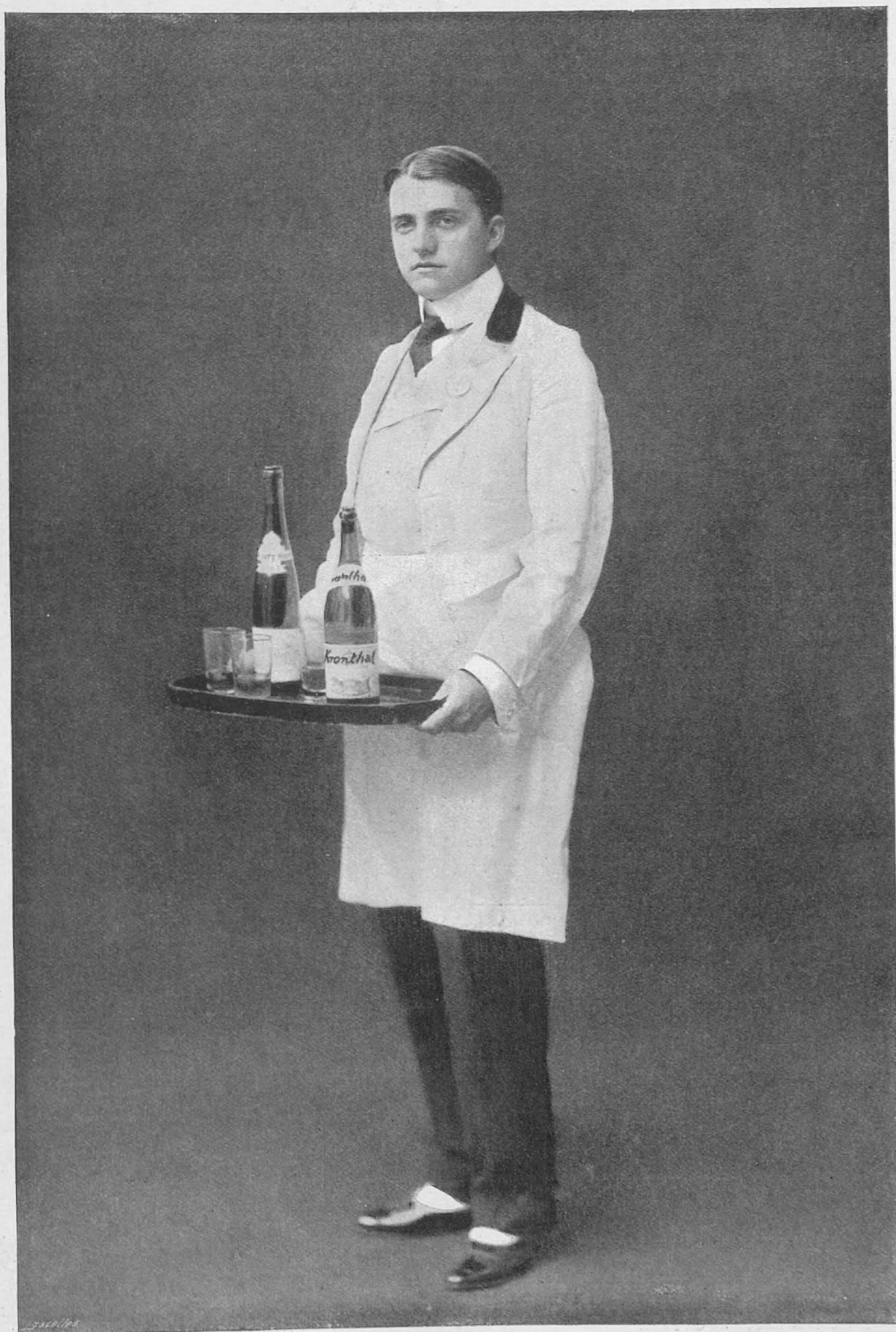




No. 338.—VOL. XXVI.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 19, 1899.

SIXPENCE.



HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF MANCHESTER AS A WAITER.

His Grace (William Angus Drogo Montagu), who is twenty-two, masqueraded as an American bar-tender at the recent Charing Cross Hospital Bazaar, held in the Albert Hall. He has been photographed here by Messrs. Langier of Old Bond Street.

THE MELANCHOLY FATE OF THE RACE OF ROMANOFF.

THE DEATH OF THE CZAR'S BROTHER.

The death of the Grand Duke George Alexandrovitch has all but extinguished the Romanoffs of the more immediate male line. The heir to the throne is now the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch, the

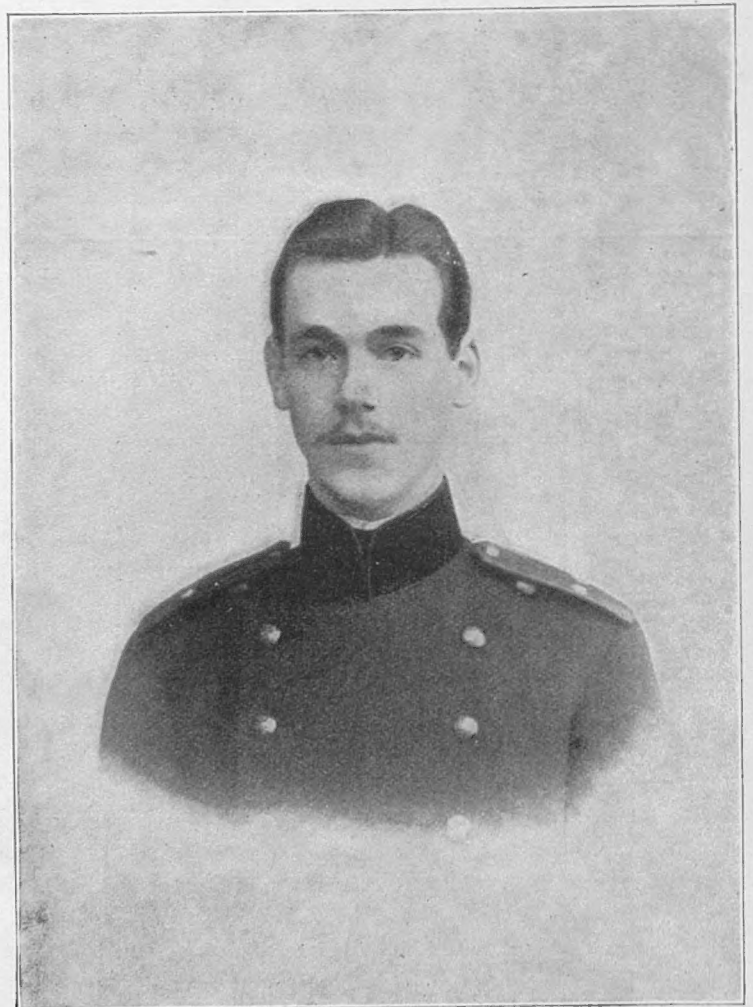
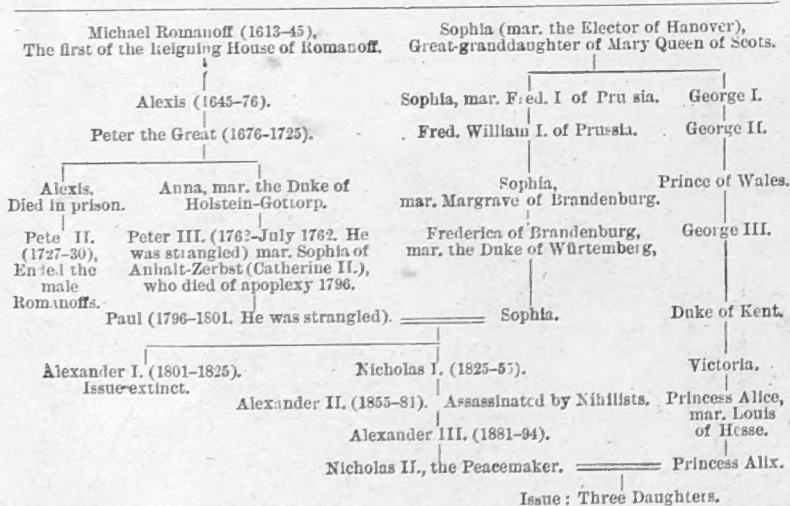


THE LATE CZAREVITCH: GRAND DUKE GEORGE ALEXANDROVITCH.

Czar's only surviving brother, who was born at St. Petersburg on Dec. 4, 1878. He was educated for the Army, and is Colonel of the 129th Regiment of Infantry.

The fates of the house of Romanoff have been none of the happiest. They came to the throne of Moscow in 1613, during the troubles of the Polish usurpation by Demetrius the Impostor. On the fall of Demetrius, whose remains were fired over the Kremlin battlements from a cannon pointed towards Poland, Michael Romanoff, son of Feodor, the Metropolitan of Moscow, was elected Czar by an assembly of the estates. He was succeeded by his son Alexis, the correspondent of Charles I. of England and supporter of Charles II. Alexis' chief claim to remembrance, however, is the fact that he was the father of Peter the Great, the man who made Russia. Alexis was succeeded by his eldest son, Feodor, upon whose death anarchy seemed to threaten the Empire. At length, however, Ivan, Feodor's brother, and his half-brother, Peter, were declared joint Sovereigns, the supreme power ultimately falling to Peter, who reigned alone from 1689 to 1725. On Peter's death, his widow continued to hold the throne as Catherine I., and she was succeeded in 1727 by Peter, son of the great Peter's murdered son Alexis. Three years later, Peter II. died of small-pox, and the question of succession again became acute. Failing Peter and his issue, Catherine had nominated her daughters, Anna, Duchess of Holstein, and Elizabeth

There were, however, surviving two daughters of Peter the Great's eldest brother, Ivan, another Anna, Duchess of Courland, and Catherine, Duchess of Mecklenburg. The High Secret Council being minded to introduce changes which would almost have amounted to a Constitution for Russia, called Anna of Courland to the throne, thinking that she, as more remote than the daughters of Peter, would more willingly fall in with their political designs. In Anna, however, they had caught a Tartar, for she tore up their proposals. After a reign of ten years, Anna died, leaving the Crown to Ivan, son of her niece Anna, daughter of her sister Catherine. Ivan VI., however, was thrown into prison, and Peter the Great's daughter, Elizabeth, ascended the throne. She summoned to Court her nephew Peter, son of Anna, Duchess of Holstein. This Peter was named heir to the throne, and succeeded in 1761. His wife, Sophia of Anhalt-Zerbst, baptised into the Orthodox Church as Catherine, was the notorious Empress Catherine, who has been most unspeakably yet most truthfully described by Byron as "Catherine whom the world adores As greatest of all Empresses, &c." Owing to the succession of Peter III., it has been debated whether the Russian Royal Family should be regarded as Romanoffs or as Holstein-Gottorps; but, of course, Peter, as the son of Anna, was a Romanoff on his mother's side. Peter and Catherine lived miserably, and at length the Empress had her husband assassinated, and the German woman stood at the head of the Empire. Two years later, Ivan VI., who had become an idiot in confinement, was strangled by his guards. Catherine died in 1796, having, despite her crimes, proved the only able successor of Peter the Great. She was succeeded by her son Paul, who was assassinated in 1801. He was succeeded by the amiable and well-intentioned Alexander I., for whom circumstances were too strong, and who seems, almost first among the Romanoffs, to discover that milder idealism which has won for the present Czar the name of "Nicholas the Peacemaker." Alexander was succeeded by Paul's third son, Nicholas; Constantine, the second son, having married a Roman Catholic and renounced his claim. Nicholas fell by the hand of "General Fevrier." Since then we have seen two Alexanders, both of whom died untimely, one by the assassin's bomb, the other by disease. As yet the throne lacks an heir in the direct line, and the recent death of the Czarévitch places the succession one remove further from the main stem. Should an heir be born to Nicholas, he will be able to trace his descent on the mother's side back to Mary Queen of Scots. The Czaritza, it is curious to note, belongs, in strict parallelism, to the generation preceding that of the Czar, so swiftly has Romanoff to Romanoff succeeded upon the stage of history.

THE NEW CZAREVITCH: THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL OF RUSSIA.
From Photographs by Levitsky, St. Petersburg.

THIS SHOWS HOW THE CZAR AND HIS WIFE ARE BOTH DESCENDED FROM THE HOUSE OF STUART.



THE PARK AND VARDON GOLF MATCH AT NORTH BERWICK.

This picture, taken by J. Cockburn, shows the crowd at the first tee before the start for the afternoon round in the first half of the great match played for £200.



THE CLARENCE ATHLETIC CLUB SPORTS AT WEMBLEY PARK.

This picture of the Club, which is connected with Messrs. Maple, shows the hand-wheelbarrow race, won by G. York and P. Andrews.

"MESSALINE," AT COVENT GARDEN

On Thursday night, at Covent Garden, Mr. Isidore de Lara's "lyric tragedy," "Messaline," was produced for the first time in this country amid every circumstance of cordiality and appreciation. When this



MADAME HÉGLON AS MESSALINE.
Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

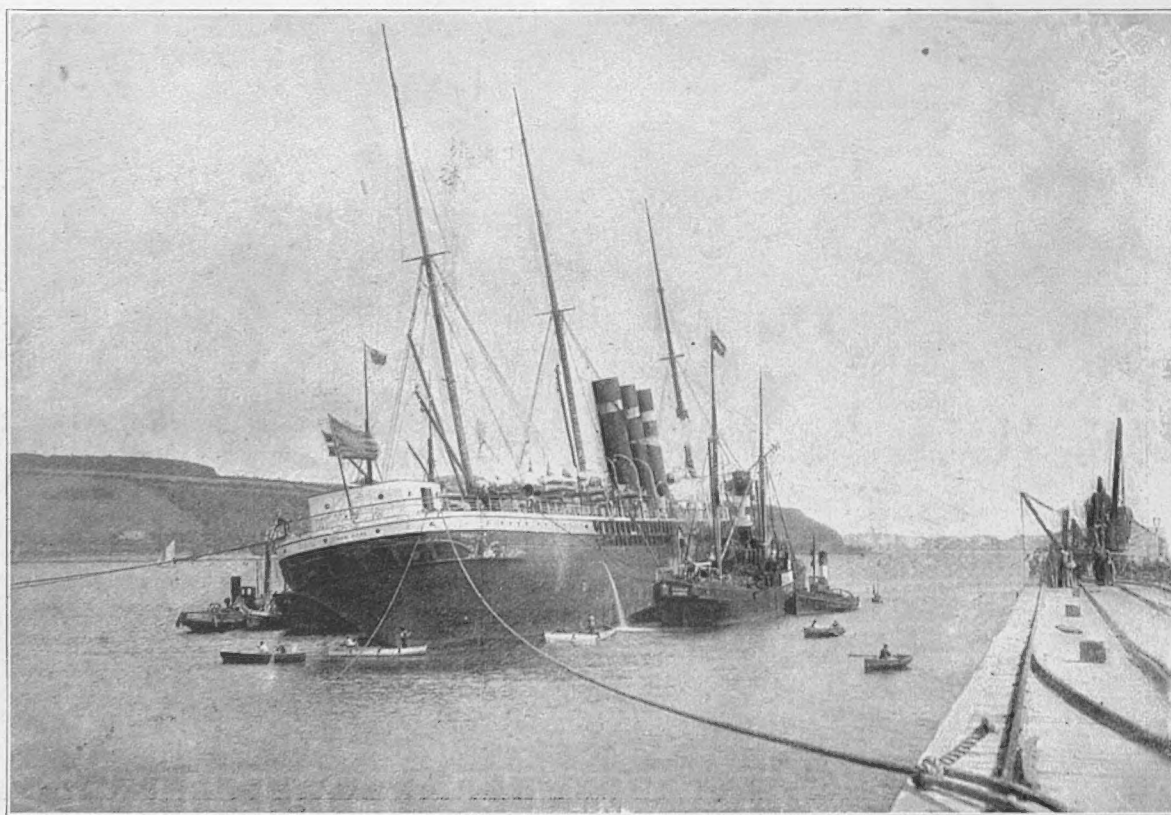
work was given at Monte Carlo in March, I gave it my careful attention in this paper, recognising that here, for the first time for many years, an English composer had accomplished a very big thing indeed. It may not be very high praise to say that "Messaline" is the greatest opera by far that an Englishman has ever written, any more than it would be high praise to say that a man was thinner than Daniel Lambert and fatter than the living skeleton of Barnum's, for, in truth, there are no operas of serious consequence in the world by Englishmen. "Messaline" is, however, an opera of serious consequence. Not a line of it has been written, it is abundantly clear, for any other reason than for the pure sake of musical art. There is not a cheap or popular appeal in it from beginning to end. But these are only its negative virtues. It has a very noble inspiration, it is highly dramatic, and at times its music rises to the most impressive heights. People have said that the difference between the de Lara of the earlier songs and the de Lara of "Messaline" is inconceivably great. That may be. I do not know much about the de Lara of the earlier songs, although I am convinced that when he wrote them he was fulfilling an artistic impulse. Men do not put on the genuine artistic inspiration like a suit of clothes. At any rate, "Messaline" remains a work of rare power, extraordinary originality, and great beauty. Its interpretation on Saturday was, with one not unimportant exception, extremely fine. Madame Héglon's Messaline was

superbly imagined, superbly posed, and all but superbly sung. She had something of the imperial grandeur in her manner throughout. M. Renaud, as Harès the singer, was at his very best, and that "very best" implies a deeply artistic sentiment, a fine thoughtfulness, and a singularly appealing vocal achievement. M. Alvarez was the gladiator, Hélios, and in every possible sense of the word he was as remarkable and extraordinary an impersonation as has been seen in recent years on the operatic stage. He sang nobly; he acted with passion, with distinction, and with amazing energy. Tamagno took the part at Monte Carlo; but though Tamagno had possibly moments of greater intensity, Alvarez gave a more complete, a more truly artistic account of the character. There was not one passage in which he sank below an extremely high level indeed. The mounting of the opera was the best thing we have seen for long at Covent Garden, and the chorus, both in singing and in acting, was capital. The orchestra was less alert, less vital, than the singular merits of the score demanded from them; but, on the whole, a very interesting performance of a very fine work has to be recorded of the first production of "Messaline" at Covent Garden.

Madame Héglon, who made her first appearance here last season as Anne Boleyn in Saint-Saëns' opera "Henry VIII.," is a native of Brussels, and from her earliest childhood has been fond of music and studied both the piano and singing. When only seventeen she was married, but was left a widow the following year, and, finding that her means were somewhat limited, she then determined to turn her musical gifts to account, and for that purpose went to Paris, where she studied singing under Obin and Madame Rosine Laborde, both once well-known singers at the Paris Opera, and later worked for some time with the eminent Professor Criticos. While in Paris she met Saint-Saëns, who became much interested in her career, and introduced her to M. Gailhard, the director of the Paris Opera, who at once gave her an engagement, and she made her début there, as Magdalena in "Rigoletto," just seven years ago. Then she was selected to create the title-rôle in Saint-Saëns' "Fredegonda," and she has also created the principal contralto rôles in "Djelma," "La Montagne Noire," Frika in "Die Walküre," "La Cloche du Rhin," "Venus and Adonis"; but the rôle with which she has become most closely identified and loves the best is the title-one of "Samson and Dalila." At Monte Carlo she has created the rôle of the Queen in Goldmark's "La Reine de Saba," that of Pyrrha in "Gautier d'Aquitaine," at the Paris Opera, and, again, the title-rôle of Mr. de Lara's latest opera, first at Monte Carlo and then at Covent Garden.

THE "PARIS" AFLOAT.

To the surprise of everybody, the Atlantic liner *Paris* has been floated and taken into Falmouth Harbour. On Wednesday afternoon the huge liner rose and fell with the motion of the waves both fore and aft. She was moored by a number of anchors and cables, and a small tug astern her was kept at work to make up for the weight of the wind against the enormous hull. Three fine and splendidly equipped German salvage-tugs supported the *Paris* on each side, and supplied an abundance of steam to keep the powerful pumps going. One or two minor holes in the hull were patched, and a platform had to be slung beneath the vessel to enable the divers to reach their work.



THE ATLANTIC LINER "PARIS," WHICH STRANDED ON THE MANACLES ON MAY 21, WAS FLOATED ON JULY 19 BY VESSELS BELONGING TO HAMBURG AND COPENHAGEN SALVAGE COMPANIES.

Photo by Belletti, Falmouth.

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Fast Trains London for Portsmouth, East Southsea, and the Isle of Wight every Week-day.

| From | a.m. | a.m. | a.m. | a.m. | p.m. | p.m. | p.m. | p.m. | p.m. |
|---------------|------|------|-------|-------|------|------|------|------|------|
| Victoria | 6 35 | 9 13 | 10 30 | 11 35 | 1 45 | 3 55 | ... | 4 55 | 7 20 |
| *Kensington | 6 5 | 8 4 | 10 12 | 11 13 | 1 25 | 3 40 | ... | 4 5 | 6 53 |
| London Bridge | 6 45 | 9 40 | 10 25 | 11 40 | 1 50 | 4 0 | 45 | 5 0 | 7 25 |

The last Train runs to Portsmouth Town only. * Addison Road.

SATURDAY, JULY 22 and MONDAY, JULY 24. SPECIAL TRAINS FROM VICTORIA for Pulborough, Midhurst, Singleton, Arundel, Littlehampton, Bognor, Drayton, Chichester, Havant, East Southsea, and Portsmouth (for the Isle of Wight). See Programme.

HORSES and CARRIAGES from Victoria for the above Stations will only be conveyed by Special Trains leaving Saturday, July 22, 7.45 a.m. and 7 p.m., and Monday, July 24, 6.40 a.m., 7.45 a.m., and 7 p.m.

| SPECIAL TRAINS July 25, 26, 27, and 28. | | A | | B | | C | | D | |
|---|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|
| From | a.m. | a.m. | a.m. | a.m. | a.m. | a.m. | a.m. | a.m. | a.m. |
| Victoria | 7 5 | 8 40 | 9 0 | 9 45 | | | | | |
| *Kensington | 6 58 | 8 29 | 8 40 | ... | | | | | |
| Clapham Junction | 7 10 | 8 50 | 9 5 | ... | | | | | |
| London Bridge | 7 10 | 8 45 | ... | 9 40 | | | | | |

* Addison Road. A—To Drayton and Chichester, Return Fares, 17s. 10d., 11s. 8d., 10s. 1d. B—To Singleton, Third Class Return Fare, 10s. C—To Drayton and Chichester, Return Fares, First Class, 20s.; Second Class, 15s. D—To Drayton and Chichester, First Class only, Return Fare, 25s.

For Particulars see Programme, or address *Superintendent of the Line, London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, London Bridge, S.E.*

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| | a.m. | a.m. | Ex. | Fast. | Ex. | Ex. | p.m. |
|-------------------------------------|-------|------|------|-------|------|------|-------|
| WATERLOO | 5 50 | 9 5 | 11 0 | 11 5 | 1 0 | 3 0 | 5 50 |
| SEATON | 10 35 | 2 2 | ... | 3 50 | 6 5 | 7 15 | 10 7 |
| BUDLEIGH SALTERN | 11 58 | 2 14 | ... | 3 46 | 5 34 | 8 1 | 10 47 |
| SIDMOUTH | 11 43 | 2 0 | ... | 3 35 | 5 24 | 7 50 | 10 38 |
| EXETER (Queen Street) | 10 43 | 1 39 | 3 2 | 3 19 | 5 10 | 6 46 | 9 56 |
| EXMOUTH | 11 54 | 2 54 | 3 39 | 4 48 | 5 59 | 7 33 | 10 29 |
| OKHAMPTON (for Dartmoor & Chagford) | 11 39 | 2 34 | 3 54 | ... | 5 59 | 8 13 | 10 54 |
| HOLSWORTHY | 1 5 | 3 32 | 4 57 | ... | 6 59 | 9 27 | ... |
| BUDE | 1 28 | 3 57 | 5 20 | ... | 7 23 | 9 50 | ... |
| CAMELFORD | 1 44 | 4 16 | 5 28 | ... | 7 55 | ... | ... |
| TINTAGEL { By bus from } | 2 45 | ... | 6 20 | ... | ... | ... | ... |
| BOSCASTLE { Camelford } | 2 45 | 5 10 | 6 20 | ... | ... | ... | ... |
| WADEBRIDGE | 2 18 | 4 47 | 5 57 | ... | 8 25 | ... | ... |
| ST. COLUMB { By Coach from } | ... | ... | 7 20 | ... | ... | ... | ... |
| NEWQUAY { Wadebridge } | ... | ... | 8 30 | ... | ... | ... | ... |
| BODMIN | 2 49 | 5 7 | 6 18 | ... | 8 47 | ... | ... |
| PADSTOW | 2 45 | 5 7 | 6 20 | ... | 8 43 | ... | ... |
| TAVERSTOCK | 12 6 | 3 3 | 4 23 | ... | 6 25 | 8 3 | 11 21 |
| GUNNISLAKE | ... | 4 0 | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... |
| CALLINGTON { By Coach from } | ... | 5 0 | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... |
| LISKEARD { Tavistock } | ... | 6 35 | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... |
| DEVONPORT | 12 29 | 3 25 | 4 42 | ... | 6 46 | 8 25 | 11 41 |
| PLYMOUTH | 12 35 | 3 30 | 4 49 | ... | 6 51 | 8 31 | 11 50 |
| BARNSTABLE | 1 23 | 3 25 | ... | 4 32 | 6 33 | 8 32 | ... |
| LYNTON and LYMOUTH | ... | 5 34 | ... | 7 9 | ... | ... | ... |
| ILFRACOMBE | 2 23 | 4 18 | ... | 5 23 | 7 21 | 9 29 | ... |
| BIDEFORD (for Westward Ho) | 1 56 | 3 52 | ... | 4 58 | 6 53 | 9 3 | ... |
| CLOVELLY (by Coach) | ... | 5 25 | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... |
| TORRINGTON | 2 8 | 4 4 | ... | 5 9 | 7 10 | 9 15 | ... |

* Saturdays only.

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| | a.m. | a.m. | a.m. | a.m. | p.m. | p.m. | p.m. |
|-------------------------------|------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|--------|
| LONDON (St. Pancras) | dep. | 5 15 | 5 15 | 10 30 | 10 35 | 2 10 | 9 15 |
| LEICESTER | ... | 7 20 | 7 20 | 12 30 | 12 30 | 3 35 | 11 34 |
| NOTTINGHAM | ... | 7 35 | 7 35 | 12 32 | 1 8 | 4 37 | 11 40 |
| CHESTERFIELD | ... | 8 52 | 8 52 | 1 35 | 1 53 | 4 40 | 12K10 |
| SHEFFIELD | ... | 8 45 | 8 45 | 12 44 | 2 15 | 5 40 | 12DK35 |
| LEEDS | ... | 10 20 | 10 35 | 1 55 | 2G50 | 6 33 | 1DK35 |
| BRADFORD | ... | 10 10 | 10 38 | 1 55 | 2G50 | 6 33 | 1DK35 |
| MANCHESTER | ... | 9 35 | 10 0 | 1 50 | 2G20 | 5 45 | 12K55 |
| LIVERPOOL | ... | 9 35 | 9 55 | 1 40 | 2G20 | 5 13 | 12K45 |
| ROTHERSAY (via Greenock) arr. | ... | ... | 6A45 | 9H45 | ... | ... | 10U15 |
| GLASGOW (St. Enoch) | ... | ... | 4 0 | 7 35 | ... | 11 25 | ... |
| EDINBURGH | ... | 3 55 | ... | ... | 8G24 | 11 30 | 6K48 |

| | a.m. | a.m. | a.m. | p.m. | p.m. | p.m. | p.m. |
|--------------------------|------|------|-------|-------|-------|-------|------|
| EDINBURGH | dep. | 10L5 | 12 25 | 2 25 | 6 0 | ... | 10 0 |
| GLASGOW (St. Enoch) | ... | 10 0 | ... | 1 30 | 3 0 | 5 30 | 9 30 |
| ROTHERSAY (via Greenock) | ... | 8J0 | ... | 11 0 | ... | 3 0 | 6J50 |
| LIVERPOOL | ... | 4 5 | 4L5 | 7 10 | 9 35 | 12 5 | 4 47 |
| MANCHESTER | ... | 4 5 | 4L5 | 7 6 | 9 40 | 12 5 | 4 37 |
| BRADFORD | ... | 3 35 | 4 7 | 6 37 | 8 55 | 11E6 | ... |
| LEEDS | ... | 3 10 | 4 2 | 6 24 | 8 55 | 11E5 | 2 55 |
| SHEFFIELD | ... | 4 15 | 4 15 | 7 18 | 11 24 | 12 52 | 4 13 |
| CHESTERFIELD | ... | 5 4 | 5 4 | 8 30 | 11 50 | 1 15 | 4 45 |
| NOTTINGHAM | ... | 5 20 | 5 20 | 8 45 | 1 30 | 3 43 | 5 20 |
| LEICESTER | ... | 5 22 | 7 5 | 8 44 | 1 40 | 2 50 | 5 12 |
| LONDON (St. Pancras) | ... | 7 20 | 7 50 | 10 45 | 4 20 | 5 30 | 7 25 |

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HENRY PLEWS, General Manager.

G R E A T W E S T E R N R A I L W A Y .

PRINCIPAL SERVICES to SEASIDE RESORTS.

WEEK-DAYS.

| | a.m. | a.m. | a.m. | a.m. | a.m. | a.m. | a.m. | a.m. | a.m. | a.m. | a.m. |
|-------------------------|-------|-------|-------|------|------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|------|
| Paddington ... dep. | 5 30 | 7 25 | 8 50 | 9 0 | 9 30 | 10 30 | 10 35 | 10 45 | 11 30 | 11 45 | |
| Weymouth ... arr. | | | 12 20 | | | | | | | 4 13 | |
| Guernsey ... | | | 5 30 | | | | | | | | |
| Jersey ... | | | 7 30 | | | | | | | | |
| Minhead ... | 11 55 | 1 0 | | 3 30 | | | | | | | |
| Ilfracombe ... | 2 23 | | | 4 18 | | | | | 6 2 | 6 55 | |
| Exeter ... | 10 58 | 12 12 | | 1 46 | | 2 13 | | | 3 40 | 4 9 | |
| Dawlish ... | 11 21 | 12 45 | | 2 19 | | 3 27 | | | 4 33 | | |
| Teignmouth ... | 11 34 | 12 59 | | 2 30 | | 3 38 | | | 4 46 | | |
| Torquay ... | 12 30 | 1 37 | | 3 2 | | 4 17 | | | 4 25 | 5 27 | |
| Plymouth (Mill Bay) ... | 12 53 | 2 3 | | | | 3 43 | | | | 6 0 | |
| Newquay ... | | | | | | 5 55 | | | | 8 42 | |
| Falmouth ... | 4 18 | | | | | 6 18 | | | | 9 0 | |
| St. Ives ... | 5 25 | | | | | 7 15 | | | | 9 32 | |
| Penzance ... | 4 58 | | | | | 7 7 | | | | 9 23 | |
| Tenby ... | 3 0 | | | | | | | | | | |
| Dolgelly ... | | | | | | | | | | | |
| Barmouth ... | | | | | | | | | | | |
| Aberystwyth ... | | | | | | | | | | | |

| | p.m. | p.m. | p.m. | p.m. | p.m. | p.m. | p.m. | p.m. | night. | night. |
|-------------------------|-------|------|------|-------|------|------|------|-------|--------|--------|
| Paddington ... dep. | 1 15 | 2 10 | 3 0 | 6 0 | 9 0 | 9 15 | 9 45 | 12 0 | 12 10 | |
| Weymouth ... arr. | | | 7 5 | 11 0 | | | 2 5 | | | |
| Guernsey ... | | | | | | | 6 30 | | | |
| Jersey ... | | | | | | | 9 0 | | | |
| Minhead ... | 6 50 | | 8 25 | | | | | 9 15 | | |
| Ilfracombe ... | | | 9 29 | | | | | 12 5 | | |
| Exeter ... | 5 51 | | 7 22 | 11 6 | 2 18 | | | 5 0 | | |
| Dawlish ... | 6 13 | | 8 14 | 11 28 | | | | 7 40 | | |
| Teignmouth ... | 6 26 | | 7 52 | 11 39 | 3 0 | | | 7 54 | | |
| Torquay ... | 7 9 | | 8 30 | 12 17 | 3 40 | | | 7 52 | | |
| Plymouth (Mill Bay) ... | 7 46 | | 9 10 | 1 0 | 4 35 | | | 7 0 | | |
| Newquay ... | | | | | | | | 9 55 | | |
| Falmouth ... | 10 40 | | | | | | | 10 25 | | |
| St. Ives ... | | | | | | | | 11 8 | | |
| Penzance ... | 11 2 | | | | | | | 11 3 | | |
| Tenby ... | | | | | | | | | | |
| Dolgelly ... | | | | | | | | | | |
| Barmouth ... | | | | | | | | | | |
| Aberystwyth ... | | | | | | | | | | |

A. North Road Station. B. Landing Stage. C. Saturdays only at Barmouth.
D. Sundays excepted. E. Arrive 9.4 Sunday mornings.

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J. L. WILKINSON, General Manager.

G R E A T S O U T H E R N A N D W E S T E R N R A I L W A Y , I R E L A N D .

TOURIST SEASON, 1899.

During Summer Months and until OCT. 31, Tourist Tickets will be issued from the principal stations to Killybegs, Parknasilla, Carnah Lake, Killaloe, Lahinch, Glengariff, Waterville, River Shannon and Lakes, Killee, Connemara, Kenmare, Valentia, Lisdoonvarna, Blarney and Liscannore, &c. Finest and most varied scenery in the country. One hundred miles of Coach Tours. One hundred miles of River and Lake Sailing.

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"THE SUNNYSIDE OF IRELAND,"

Free by post for 12 stamps, or at bookstalls.

Printed particulars of tours, fares, &c., free on application to the Superintendent of the Line, Kingsbridge Station, Dublin; Bullock and Co., 22, Lime Street, Liverpool; or Irish Tourist Office, 2, Charing Cross, London.

ROBERT G. COLHOUN, Traffic Manager.

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HOLIDAYS.—WHERE TO GO.—The best and fullest Guide to those about to select their holiday quarters is "SEASIDE WATERING PLACES," which gives particulars of 260 places on the English and Welsh Coasts. With numerous illustrations. New Edition. Price 2s. 6d., post free 2s. 10d. London: L. UPCOTT GILL, 170, Strand, W.C.

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Express service to Norway, Denmark, and Sweden.

RESTAURANT CARS on the North and South German Express Trains to and from the Hook.

HARWICH-ANTWERP Route every week-day for The Ardennes (Cheapest Continental Holiday). Brussels, Spa, Switzerland, &c.

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From London (Liverpool Street Station) at 8.30 p.m. for the Hook of Holland, and at 8.40 p.m. for Antwerp.

Direct service to Harwich from Scotland, the North, and Midland. Restaurant Car from York.

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L O N D O N A N D N O R T H - W E S T E R N R A I L W A Y .

CONVENIENT FAST EXPRESSES FOR TOURISTS AND FAMILIES.

NORTH WALES TOURIST RESORTS.

| | a.m. | a.m. | p.m. |
|--------------------------|------|-------|------|
| London (Euston) ... dep. | 9 30 | 11 15 | 1 30 |
| Rhyl ... arr. | 2 32 | 4 30 | 6 53 |
| Colwyn Bay ... | 3 3 | 4 50 | 7 32 |
| Llandudno ... | 3 30 | 5 20 | 7 40 |
| Penmaenmawr ... | 4 8 | 5 22 | 7 36 |
| Bangor ... | 3 24 | 5 43 | 7 55 |
| Pwllheli ... | 5 5 | | 9 50 |
| Criccieth ... | 5 8 | | 9 38 |

| | a.m. | a.m. | p.m. |
|--------------------------|------|------|------|
| London (Euston) ... dep. | 9 30 | 11 0 | 2 35 |
| Barmouth ... arr. | 4 35 | 5 55 | |
| Aberystwyth ... | 4 20 | 5 30 | 9 45 |

CENTRAL WALES.

| | a.m. | p.m. |
|----------------------------|------|------|
| London (Euston) ... dep. | 11 0 | 1 30 |
| Llandrindod Wells ... arr. | 4 15 | 7 5 |
| Llangamarch Wells ... | 4 52 | 7 38 |
| Llanwrtyd Wells ... | 5 5 | 7 44 |

BLACKPOOL AND ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT.

| | a.m. | a.m. |
|--------------------------|-------|-------|
| London (Euston) ... dep. | 10 25 | 11 30 |
| Blackpool ... arr. | 4 0 | |
| Morecambe ... | 4 3 | |
| Windermere ... | 4 40 | |
| Keswick ... | | 6 0 |

For further particulars see the Company's Time Tables and Notices.

Euston, July 1899.

FRED. HARRISON, General Manager.

L O N D O N A N D N O R T H - W E S T E R N R A I L W A Y .

COLLECTION, CONVEYANCE, AND DELIVERY

PASSENGERS' LUGGAGE IN ADVANCE.

The Personal Luggage of Passengers will, on application, be COLLECTED, within the Company's Free Parcels Cartage Boundary, FORWARDED IN ADVANCE, AND DELIVERED at residence or hotel in NORTH WALES, the ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT, Blackpool, Morecambe, and other Tourist Resorts at the

NOMINAL CHARGE OF 6D. PER PACKAGE,

which must be paid when the luggage is collected. No package must exceed 112 lb. in weight.

Luggage from outlying districts in London will be collected by Messrs. Pickford and Co., Messrs. Carter, Paterson, and Co., and the London Parcels Delivery Company, in which cases the following throughout charges will apply—

When collected from residences distant from the General Post Office—

| | s. | d. |
|--|----|----|
| Not more than 7 miles ... | 1 | 0 |
| Above 7 miles and not more than 10 miles ... | 1 | 4 |

Tickets dated beforehand to suit the convenience of passengers can be obtained at any of the Company's stations, and at the Receiving Offices, where also orders can be given for Collection of Luggage.

By availing themselves of this arrangement, passengers will be relieved of the trouble and inconvenience of looking after their luggage when travelling. In cases where apartments at destination have not been secured beforehand, the luggage can be addressed "To be called for," at the Cloak-Room of the arrival station.

The usual free weight of luggage according to the number and class of tickets held will be allowed, and the "excess" charged for at one-half the ordinary excess luggage rates.

FRED. HARRISON, General Manager.

G R E A T N O R T H E R N , N O R T H - E A S T E R N , A N D N O R T H B R I T I S H R A I L W A Y S .

EAST COAST ROUTE TO SCOTLAND.

ADDITIONAL AND ACCELERATED TRAINS FROM

LONDON (KING'S CROSS)

JULY 1899 SERVICE.

| | C | C | C | C | A | D | BE | F | G |
|--------------------------------|------|------|-------|-------|------|------|-------|-------|-------|
| | a.m. | a.m. | a.m. | p.m. | p.m. | p.m. | p.m. | p.m. | p.m. |
| London (King's Cross) ... dep. | 5 15 | 10 0 | 11 20 | 2 20 | 7 45 | 8 15 | 8 45 | 11 30 | 11 30 |
| Edinburgh ... arr. | 3 5 | 6 30 | 7 45 | 10 45 | 3 30 | 4 0 | 6 0 | 7 15 | 7 15 |
| Glasgow ... | 5 15 | 7 50 | 9 45 | | | 5 50 | 7 23 | 8 10 | 10 45 |
| Craigdonnan ... | 5 29 | 9 7 | 11 41 | | | 7 27 | 8 1 | 10 7 | |
| Callander ... | 5 22 | 9 0 | 12 20 | | | | 8 52 | 10 55 | |
| Oban ... | 9 5 | | 4 45 | | | | 11 55 | 2 5 | |
| Fort William ... | 9 30 | | | | | | 11 51 | 5 38 | |
| Perth ... | 6 7 | 7 52 | 10 32 | | 4 40 | 5 14 | | 8 55 | 8 40 |
| Dunkeld ... | 7 50 | 9 10 | 12 28 | | | 6 9 | 10 4 | 10 4 | 9 18 |
| Dundee ... | 6 15 | 8 10 | 10 51 | | | 5 28 | 8 30 | 8 55 | 9 5 |
| Aberdeen ... | 8 40 | 10 5 | 12 50 | | | 7 2 | | 10 50 | 11 10 |
| Ballater ... | | | 8 55 | | | 9 45 | 2 0 | 2 0 | 2 0 |
| Inverness ... | | | 5 10 | | | 8 35 | 9 10 | 1 50 | 1 30 |

A—From July 24 to Aug. 11 inclusive, Saturdays and Sundays excepted.

B—Week-days and Sundays. C—On week-days only.

D—Week-days (Saturdays excepted) and Sundays.

E—Not run to Craigdonnan Pier, Callander, Oban, Fort William, or Dundee on Sunday mornings, and arrives Glasgow 7.30 a.m., Perth 8.40, Dunkeld 9.18, Ballater 1.30 on Sundays. F—Week-days (Saturdays excepted) and Sundays. G—Saturday nights. \$ Not on Sunday mornings.

CORRIDOR DINING-CAR SALOONS (First and Third Class) are attached to 11.20 a.m. and 2.20 p.m. EXPRESS TRAINS from LONDON (King's Cross) and 12.20 and 2.20 p.m. EXPRESSES from EDINBURGH (Waverley) respectively.

SLEEPING-CARRIAGES are attached to all NIGHT TRAINS.

King's Cross, July 1899.

CHARLES STEEL, General Manager, G.N.R.

GEORGE S. GIBB, General Manager, N.E.R.

J. CONACHER, General Manager, N.B.R.

I N T E R N A T I O N A L S L E E P I N G - C A R C O M P A N Y .

| | |
|---------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| ROYAN EXPRESS ... | Direct to Royan, &c. |
| CARLSBAD EXPRESS ... | Bayreuth, Carlsbad, &c. |
| LUCHON EXPRESS ... | Direct to Luchon. |
| ENGADINE EXPRESS ... | Colre, Lucerne, and Interlaken. |
| SUD EXPRESS ... | Madrid and Lisbon. |
| VIENNA-TRIESTE-ABAZZIA EXPRESS. | |

Tickets and all Particulars from 14, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

Lord Shand, who gratified the Prime Minister by his attack on the Bill requiring seats to be provided for shop-girls, is one of the smallest men in the Upper House. In spite, however, of his slight physique, he has earned his fortune for himself. His grandfather was minister of Kintore, in Aberdeenshire, and his father kept a hotel. His mother marrying a second time, he was taken into the office of the Scottish legal firm with which his step-father, Mr. Burns, was connected. It is nearly half-a-century since Alexander Burns Shand was called to the Scottish Bar. He became Advocate-Deputy, then he rose to be a Sheriff, and for eighteen years he was a Judge of the Court of Session. His career did not end even there. He is now a member of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, and a peer whose legal judgments always command respect. The confidence felt in his fair-minded, judicial temper was shown on his appointment as Chairman of the Miners' Wage (Arbitration) Board. There is perhaps no more eminent legal peer than Lord Shand, except his countryman, Lord Watson.

Mr. Wrightson, the new member for East St. Pancras, has fought six elections and won only two. He stood five times in his own town, Stockton; three times in succession he was defeated; he was elected in 1892, and turned out in 1895. The new member is a leading partner in a great firm of bridge-builders in Stockton. His firm was one of the few which refused to join in the lock-out in the memorable engineering strike. As an employer, indeed, he has defied the criticism even of political opponents. Still, he was defeated in Stockton at the last election by a local grocer who did business with his workmen. Mr. Wrightson returns to Parliament at a time when his name has almost become a Parliamentary word. Everybody has been talking of "Wrightson's Bill." The new London member was the real author of the Small Houses Bill which Mr. Chamberlain has just carried through the House of Commons. When in his hands it was better known as the Workmen's Dwellings Bill.

The Welshmen were the most active opponents of the Clergy Rates Bill in the House of Commons, and the cleverest of the Welshmen was Mr. Samuel Evans. On such occasions Mr. Evans always distinguishes himself. He is steeped in law, having been admitted as a solicitor in 1883, and called to the Bar in 1891, but he is a better Parliamentarian than most lawyers. He is very ready and quick, has a dramatic turn, and even some touches of eloquence. In some respects, Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Ellis Griffith are more interesting and attractive. They have better voices, which they modulate with fine effect. Mr. Evans, however, is smarter and more trenchant, his intellect being extraordinarily keen. He has a tall, lithe figure. When he wears his hat in the House, you notice his dark eyes and firm mouth, which closes with a snap. When he takes off his hat, you observe his dome-shaped, bald head, with the dark hair at the back. There are few members of the House of Commons with more brains than this masterful Welshman with the distinguished face and handsome appearance.

We are told that a visit to a limestone quarry near Edinburgh first turned Sir Archibald Geikie in the direction of the study of geology. Sir William Henry Flower, late Director of the Natural History Museum,

South Kensington, has left on record, in a paper he wrote in 1897 on "Natural History as a Vocation," the combination of circumstances which led him to choose his particular line of life. He believed thoroughly that the educational power of all work done when young could never be over-estimated. The sooner knowledge is acquired, the more valuable it is. One of his own first specimens was a little stuffed bird with a brown back and white underneath, with a short tail. He bought it for threepence from a pawnbroker in his native town of Stratford-on-Avon. By the aid of Bewick's "British Birds" he identified it as the dipper, or water-ousel, and although wretchedly stuffed, he was very proud of his treasure. In whatever part of the world he afterwards saw a dipper, his mind wandered back to his stuffed effigy with its hollow back and crooked legs.

Another prize in his early collection was a bone from Kirkdale Cave, Yorkshire, which started him on the study of caves and their bygone occupants. His boy's museum was the nucleus of all he afterwards accomplished in scientific classification.

Herbert Ingram is a name to conjure with, notably in his birthplace, Boston, in Lincolnshire. On the jubilee anniversary of the waterworks there, the other day, his statue was decorated, for he took a prominent part in giving water to Boston, as he did in giving pictures to the world. It was he who started the *Illustrated London News*, which *The Sketch* naturally reveres.

The amalgamation of those two useful Societies for the Preservation of Commons and of Footpaths has just been carried out, an event which should tend to the strengthening and development of their work. Further, it is satisfactory to note that the various cognate societies, such as the Kyrle Society, the National Trust, and the Society for Checking the Abuses of Advertising, have united with the Commons Preservation Society to arrange for concerted action in Parliament, when necessary, by the formation of a Parliamentary Amenities Committee. Such union of effort can only be for the public advantage. The report of the work of the Commons Preservation Society during the last two years is a very interesting document, containing particulars of a large number of cases in which encroachments on open spaces, rights of way, and roadside wastes have been successfully resisted with or without litigation. The extent

of the Society's work can best be estimated from the fact that at the present time no fewer than a hundred cases of encroachments of different kinds are receiving its consideration. The rapid increase of building which is going on in almost all parts of the country renders the retention of common lands and rural footpaths a matter of the utmost importance.

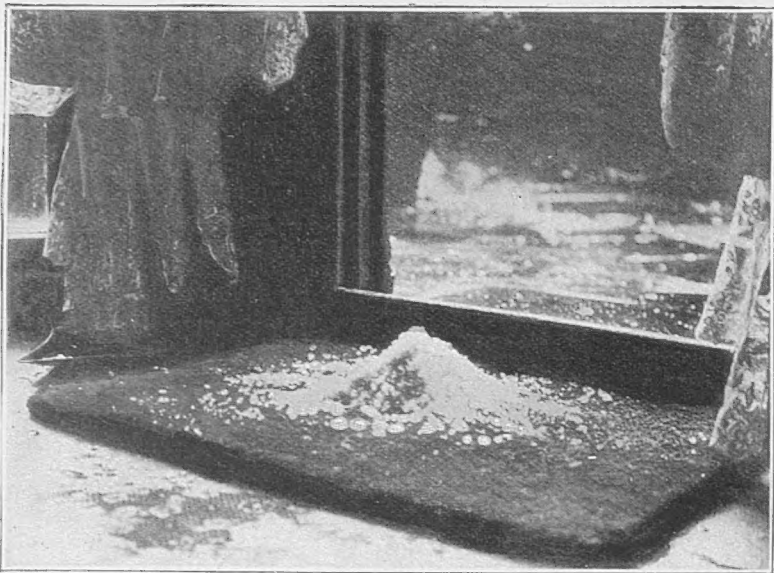
Few more disconcerting personages than the "Mean Englishman," drawn with so much pitiless accuracy by Mr. Joseph Jacobs in this month's *Fortnightly Review*, have been presented to the general reader. As the writer observes, we combine the heroes of the nation and imagine that an essential product would be the typical Englishman. In point of fact, the mean Englishman, who is 5 ft 7 in. in height, and weighs 150 lb., who lives to be sixty-eight years old, raises a family, and has a modest liking for music-halls and the backing of winners, is what the century has to show in England as the result of all the nineteenth-century developments.



HERBERT INGRAM, THE FATHER OF ILLUSTRATED JOURNALISM.

Photo by Beales, Boston.

What weather! Heat and hail, sun and snow—all mixed up. Just look at this collection of hailstones that fell in Canterbury; while in the Midlands a man was killed on the spot by a lump of ice that came out



HAILSTONES PHOTOGRAPHED LAST WEEK AT CANTERBURY TEN MINUTES AFTER THEY FELL.

of a cloud like a thunderbolt. Floods have been universal. The picture at the bottom of the page gives a good idea of how the rain came down. At Canterbury the city moat was filled, and at Nackington and the Old Dover Road the water poured down the thoroughfares like a river. In places it was three feet deep.

Apropos the Royal Company of Scottish Archers who entertained the Prince of Wales, and the question as to when the Scotch monarchs first employed them as a bodyguard, it is interesting to recall that as long ago as 1418, when Charles the Dauphin was sorely pressed by Harry V. of England, he sent to Scotland to ask assistance, and not in vain, for the Duke of Albany, then Regent, despatched his second son, the Earl of Buchan, with Archibald Douglas and Sir John Stuart of Darnley with a Scottish contingent. Spanish vessels carried the Scots to La Rochelle in the autumn of the year mentioned. More Scots went over to France in 1421, but they had ill-luck, and were defeated by the English at Le Mans. But this they avenged at the Bridge of Beaugé, over which the Duke of Clarence tried to force a passage and was killed by the Earl of Buchan in his attempt.

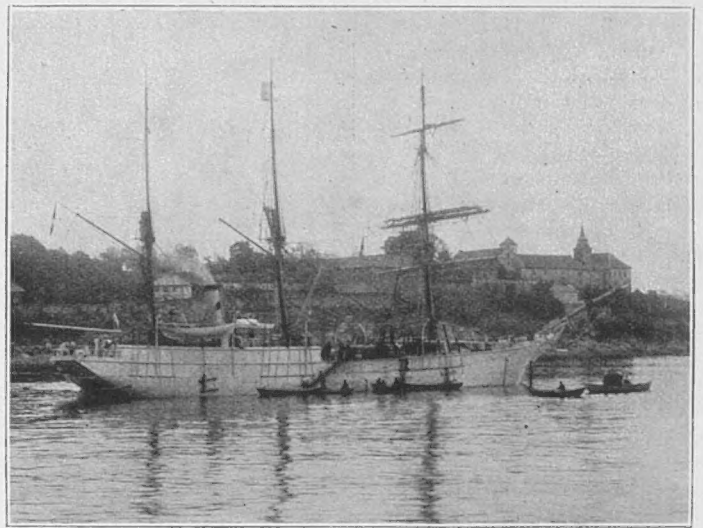
For several years, with varying fortunes, the Scotch Archers fought manfully for France, and in 1425 we find the first mention of a Scottish Life Guard consisting of men-at-arms and archers. From the time of Joan of Arc, some of whose most illustrious supporters were Scots, this Guard seems to have been relied on for the defence of the person of the French Monarch, and Louis XI. had a special company of a hundred Scots of gentle birth, and to his Scots Guards, on his death, he entrusted the care of his son. This connection was broken by the Reformation, after which only a shadow of the former glorious band survived. Scots Guards, it is true, charged the English at Malplaquet, and "King James VIII." (the Chevalier) was wounded as he led them on; but there were by that time very few actual Scots in these Guards, who were finally disbanded at the Revolution of 1830.



THE END OF OLD DOVER ROAD.

The Queen must be very interested in a remarkable tombstone that stands in the churchyard of Glen Muick, near Ballater. The inscription is "1596, I. M., 1722"—the former date being the year of the birth and the latter that of the death of John Mitchell, a native of the parish, born, indeed, within a mile of his burial-place. Beyond the tradition that Mitchell was a skilful angler and a famous poacher, nothing is known of him. Living in three centuries, he saw the extinction of two royal houses, the Tudor, in the person of Queen Elizabeth, and the Stuart, on the death of Queen Anne. George I., the first King of the house of Hanover, had occupied the throne eight years before Mitchell's death, who had thus lived under no fewer than eight British sovereigns—William and Mary counted as one—as well as the two Lords-Protector during the Commonwealth, an unprecedented and not likely to be disturbed record. The stone is of the rough granite of the district, and the lettering as rude as the Gaels who then inhabited the glen. There are a number of such stones in the churchyard, most of them lying flat, as Mitchell's did till recently, some absolutely without inscription. This is owing to the hardness of the material and the inability of the natives to artistically use the lettering-chisel. Now, Glen Muick is one of the best-known glens in the Highlands of Scotland, for, not to mention the manor-house of Sir Allan Mackenzie, her Majesty has there three "shiels," or lodges, in connection with Balmoral.

The latest attempt to cross the North Polar regions has been planned by and is due to the enterprise of the Duke Amadeo of Abruzzi, a cousin of the Crown Prince of Italy. The Duke has fully equipped a vessel called the *Stella Polaris* for the journey to the frozen North, and she left Christiania on Monday, the departure of the vessel being marked with great enthusiasm. Although the present plan for reaching the North Pole differs but slightly from previous ones, yet great benefit has been derived from previous expeditions. During the equipment of the *Stella Polaris* at Christiania, Dr. Nansen, the well-known Arctic explorer, inspected the vessel and stores, and gave all the advice and assistance



THE DUKE OF ABRUZZI MEANS TO REACH THE NORTH POLE IN THIS VESSEL, THE "STELLA POLARIS."

possible. The intention of the party is to sail as far North as Franz-Josef Land, and then land the stores and proceed by means of sledges drawn by Esquimaux dogs, establishing *en route* food-depôts, which can be made use of on the return journey. The Duke, who accompanies his party, expects to return within the space of two years, but sufficient provisions have been taken for a much longer period (namely, six years).

Cyclists should be interested in the experiment which is being made by a body of rational temperance people calling themselves the People's Refreshment-House Association. They are carrying out the principles advocated by the Bishop of Chester, and for this purpose have obtained possession of six public-houses in various parts of England. They have just acquired a seventh house through the sympathetic interest of the Duke of Bedford. It is situated near Plymouth. The policy of the Association is to take a lease of any "untied" house and put in a manager whose first care is the comfort, health, and well-being of all the customers who frequent the house. No restrictions are imposed on customers, but, on the other hand, no intoxicants are exhibited, while prominence is given to temperance drinks and edibles, and the manager has instructions to regard the house as a real place of entertainment, where a glass of water or a cup of tea, well made, can be as readily obtained as a glass of beer or a whisky-and-soda. It is curious that such an Association should be necessary, as every public-house in the country is supposed, according to the Licensing Acts, to be conducted more or less on these lines. There was a good deal of common sense in a speech which the Mayor of Colchester made the other day to a gathering of licensed victuallers. He is himself a cyclist, and he complained of the sour looks of publicans when he has asked them to provide a simple meal or a cup of tea, and he warned them that, if they did not rise to a due appreciation of their duty towards cyclists and travellers who, although maybe not abstainers, wanted some non-alcoholic refreshment, and possibly a meal, they would find their powers seriously interfered with in the near future.

On this page I reproduce pictures of the *Shamrock* and her opponent, the *Columbia*, at two parallel stages in their career—the first stretching of their canvas. The *Shamrock*, when she weighed off at Hythe the other day and went for a trial spin down Southampton Water, was held by expert onlookers to be the fastest light-weather craft ever seen in the Solent. Sir Thomas Lipton accompanied his new yacht on board the *Erin*. The *Shamrock* ran as far as Ryde and returned to Cowes.

A Queensland reader sends me a long letter denouncing the Government action in buying live beef, which is shipped at Tangier, under the conditions described in *The Sketch* of Jan. 25; wherein, it may be remembered, I gave a photograph of a bull being slung on board by the horns. My correspondent is justly indignant at the cruelties perpetrated on the wretched animals, but, I am afraid, if we carried his theory to its logical conclusion, and made an end of all dealings which involved pain to beasts, we should circumscribe our power for good not less than our unintentional encouragement of cruelty. Our Government has no jurisdiction over such misdeeds when they

occur in Tangier, and the Moorish authorities do not appear to share the British view of what constitutes cruelty to animals. The elaborate regulations for the conduct of the Transatlantic cattle trade, and, more recently, the orders issued for the control of the export trade in worn-out horses, should prove to my correspondent that British public opinion and the authorities will not tolerate needless cruelty to animals.

The Duke of Portland has consented to act as one of the judges at the Fête Champêtre of the Home of Rest for Horses, to be held at Friar's Place Farm, Acton, to-morrow.

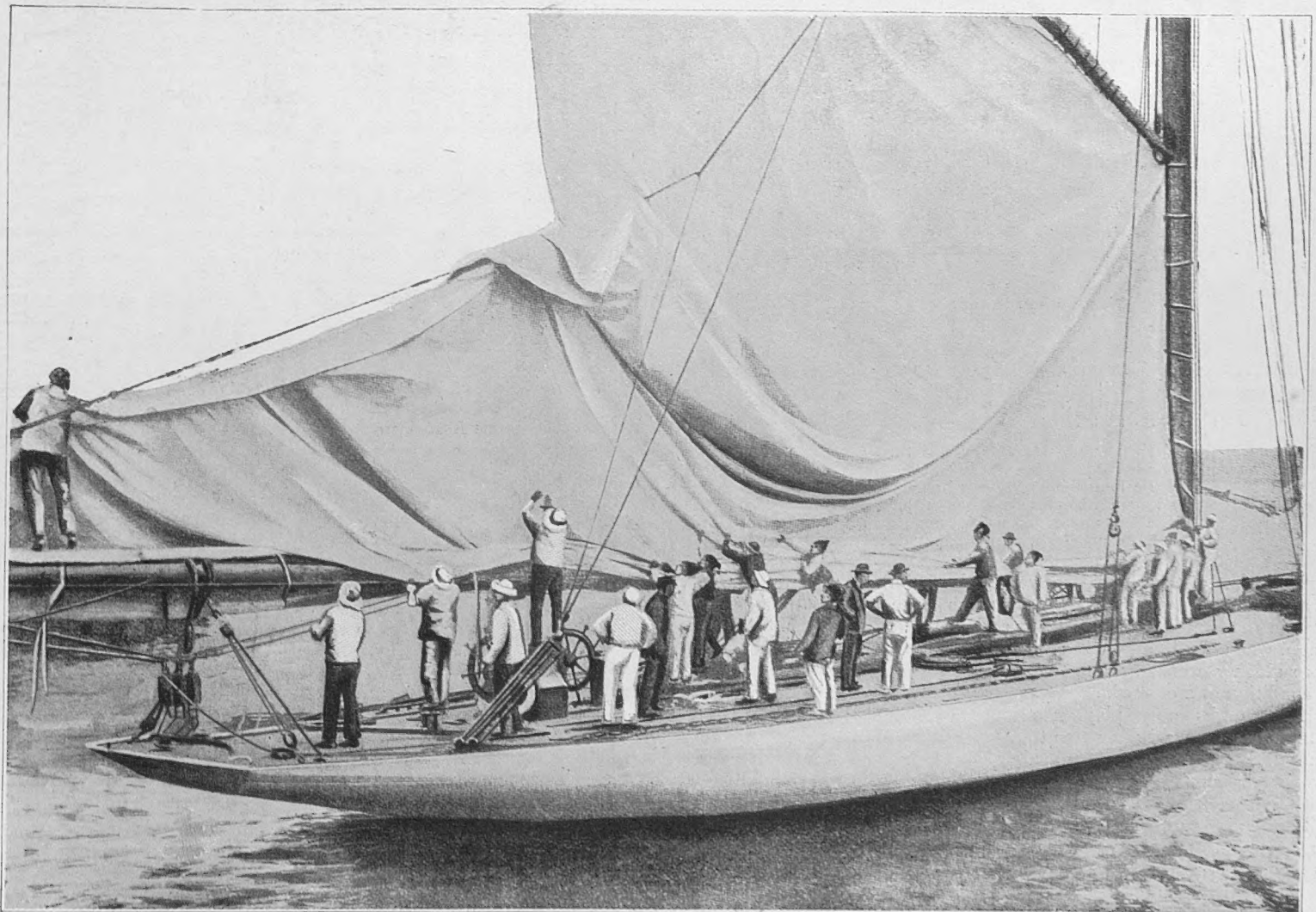
The stalwart Scotsmen living in the Vermont city of Barre, mainly of the clan of the Gordons, have founded a Burns Club, and now they are about to erect a statue in honour of Robert Burns. It is a granite statue, ten feet high, and bears the inscription, "Erected by Admirers of Burns." July 21 is the date fixed for its unveiling. All

the details connected with its designing and execution have been carried out entirely by these loyal Scotsmen of Barre, whose devotion to their national bard out in far Vermont I note with pleasure and pride.



THE "SHAMROCK" STRETCHING HER CANVAS.

Photo by West, Southsea.



STRETCHING THE "COLUMBIA'S" MAIN-SAIL: 7475 SQUARE FEET OF CANVAS.

Some of my readers may remember a picture of the room in which I now sit. It is covered from head to foot with photographs of nearly all the play-actresses that have charmed us since *The Sketch* began, six and a-half years ago. Some of the pictures have faded sadly in the sunlight,



A SAMPLER WORKED IN THE YEAR THAT THE QUEEN CAME TO THE THRONE.

and some of the originals have vanished from the footlights altogether. Yet I think of them all with gratitude for many pleasant hours they have afforded you and me. A clever comédienne who called the other day sent me her picture specially to place on my wall. Hence this screed of thanks in jingle—

My dear—I call you so because
I treat you by the footlights' laws—
I thank you for your picture.
You do not look the least austere,
And hence it is I call you "dear"
Without the fear of stricture.

I'll place you on my walls beside
The beauties that are London's pride
(Arranging not to sky you);
So that when'er my friends may call
To see the pictures on my wall,
They'll very quickly eye you.

'Tis true, the fickle silver prints
Insist on giving patent hints
That Beauty's evanescent.
The blazing sun will dull the shine
And blanch the tones of Columbine,
And dancer effervescent.

The sun that fades your face, I fear,
Is symbol of your fate, my dear,
When managers disown you;
And time may come, alack-a-day!
When you have faded right away,
So that I must dethrone you.

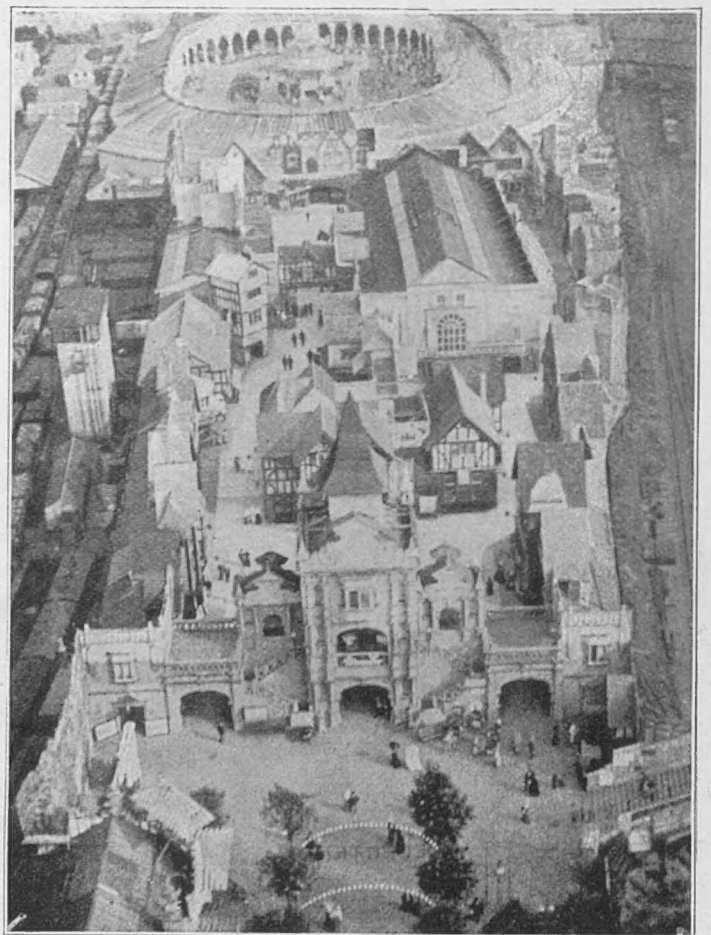
Till then—and may the hateful time
Of faded face and ruthless rime
Be long delayed!—you'll cheer me;
And even when the print may fade,
I'll think about you as the maid
Who once did, child-like, "dear" me.

Teplitz is one of the newly discovered places for after-Season people to recruit at, on account of its springs, which have a special virtue, by the way, in the healing of all wounds and most skin-affections. A few years ago, when Teplitz was known only to the local Bohemians, the springs suddenly went dry, and the ancient health-resort was, therefore, in the condition of a cow whose days of usefulness are over. Fortunately, Dame Nature was only playing a game of hide-and-seek with the inhabitants, and in a week or two the welcome waters flowed again, and the muscularly rheumatized were made glad. One can be treated here for one's various ailments no less successfully than at other health-giving Spas, without the *gêne* of dressing ten times a day, which seems an inevitable necessity at most centres of recuperation, from Homburg downwards. Prince Clary-Aldringen is the principal landlord in the neighbourhood, and is now at his castle. The Stadquelle waters—which health-seekers drink every morning at 6.30—the oldest stream in Bohemia, marks its hygienic history back 1100 years, although, from the fashionable point of view, still in its "salad days."

The hot weather reminds one of a terrible fact—one that exists, too, in the sweltering East-End while we drag our silks and muslins over the green lawns of Hurlingham, Ranelagh, Osterley, or other pleasant places. In Whitechapel, summer warmth but makes the single room more intolerable to the wretched denizens of its crowded dens, and seems even more than winter chill to heap up the ever-pressing burden of the poor man's distress. To take his children, temporarily even, out of their intolerable surroundings is a work that any kind man or woman may do, however, and I am, therefore, constrained to put in a plea that may reach some well-bestowed fathers or mothers who out of their fulness will contribute to send these unhappily born City waifs even for a little spell into the sights and sounds of the country. The St. Giles Christian Mission has its Children's Holiday Home at Maldon, Essex, and into this haven of sunshine and rest a little help will send some of these joyless little creatures; therefore those who can and will may here partake of their opportunity. The Superintendent is Mr. Wheatly, 4, Ampton Street, Regent's Square, W.C., to whom subscriptions for the purpose may be addressed.

Holiday-making readers will note with interest that the London and South-Western Railway Company are announcing a daylight excursion to the Channel Islands every Saturday until Sept. 16, leaving Waterloo at 9 a.m., in connection with a steamer leaving Southampton at 11.15 a.m., arriving at Guernsey at 5.30 p.m., and Jersey 7.30 p.m. Excursions for from three to seventeen days are run from Waterloo every Friday midnight to Exeter, Plymouth, Barnstaple, Ilfracombe, Bodmin, Bude, Padstow, &c., and on Saturdays to Seaton, Sidmouth, Budleigh Salterton, Exeter, Exmouth, Plymouth, Lynton, Ilfracombe, Bude, Plymouth, Marlborough, Swindon, Cheltenham, Cirencester, &c.

On the occasion of one of the oft-recurring exhibitions of the emergency unloading gear of the Great Wheel, Prince Lobengula happened to be a passenger, and his consternation at being carried to such a height caused much amusement to the official who conveyed him. He descended in the wicker cage which is provided for such events, and was overjoyed when, in company with many other lucky people, he received golden guineas in remembrance of the trip. Another passenger succeeded in getting this excellent snapshot from a height of nearly three hundred feet. Picturesque England, with its large hall wherein the exceedingly clever bicycle-polo is performed, looks just like a toy, and to the right and left are seen some of the railway and coal yards in the midst of which Earl's Court Exhibition, like the proverbial oasis in the desert, is placed. As everyone knows, the season this year is more successful than any of its predecessors. "Savage South Africa," of course, is the chief attraction among the side-shows, but it has a close competitor in the water-chute, which is constantly crowded, and the Great Wheel easily holds its own.



EARL'S COURT EXHIBITION, AS SEEN FROM THE BIG WHEEL.

The view from it at night is superb, but on a clear day it is extremely interesting to look across the stretch of country from Wembley Park on the one hand to the Crystal Palace on the other, with the Houses of Parliament and St. Paul's in the East.

Signs are not lacking of a deepening interest in King Alfred the Great, a fact which promises well for the success of the forthcoming thousandth anniversary celebrations. It must be a matter for regret that so few tangible mementoes of his life have survived, and that even



ALFRED THE GREAT WAS BURIED HERE: HYDE ABBEY.

the exact locality of his grave is unknown. Of course, it is a matter of history that, when Hyde Abbey was built to replace the minster which Alfred had founded under the shadow of Winchester Cathedral, the remains of the King were removed to the new structure, but whether that hallowed dust reposes here or elsewhere to-day no one can say. Shortly after the dissolution of the monasteries in the sixteenth century, Hyde Abbey was almost dismantled, and now the only remains of that stately edifice consist of the building shown in the photograph. At present it is used as a farm-building, but there is some talk of it being restored into a memorial to the King whose name is linked with its history. During some excavations made in the vicinity about thirty years ago, the workmen happened upon a coffin which was thought to contain the remains of the great King, and this was reverently reburied in a grave near the east end of St. Bartholomew Hyde Church close by. A prostrate stone covers the grave, bearing as its sole inscription a simple cross. At Corby Castle, Cumberland, may be seen an ancient stone with Alfred's name cut thereon in Saxon characters. The story goes that this stone was sold from Hyde Abbey to a casual passer-by for a few shillings.

Nell Gwynne was the means of Dr. Ken getting his bishopric. During the visits of the "Merry Monarch" to Winchester, while he was engrossed with his plans for building a royal residence in that historic city, Mistress Nell was, of course, in attendance, and it became necessary to provide her with a lodging. It happened that Dr. Ken, then a Prebendary of Winchester, had a snug little home at the Deanery, and Charles promptly coveted the place for his fascinating mistress. He himself was lodging in the Deanery, and the arrangement he suggested would, no doubt, have been extremely convenient. But Dr. Ken did not see eye to eye with his monarch; in fact, he stoutly refused to give Mistress Nell the shelter of the Deanery roof. Charles was too sensible a man to take umbrage at such a creditable exhibition of independence, and when the Bishopric of Bath and Wells became vacant, he promptly



THE DEANERY AT WINCHESTER WHERE BISHOP KEN DECLINED TO LODGE NELL GWYNNE.

From Photographs by H. C. Shelley.

inquired, "Where is the good little man who refused his lodging to poor Nell?" Nell eventually got a lodging in Colebrooke Street, near by, but the building was pulled down some years ago.

Queen Anne furniture is now domiciled, they say, in the land of the Louis', and has elbowed itself a considerable place there. French furniture

has had to make way for it in those houses that pride themselves on being up with the times. No woman "in view," from Bernhardt and Jane Hading to the ravishing Countess Greffulhe, but has her Queen Anne boudoir. The sculptured gilt cornices that held up heavy draperies, and the bow-legged tables and tapestried chairs, have gone to the bric-à-brac shop, to pass thence into more Chauvinistic houses, and in their place have been put emaciated brass rods, and flimsy silk screens, and corner cupboards, and other straight-lined objects stained green. The Louis scrolled paper has been exchanged for Morris hieroglyphics, and the robust gold and crimsons of the French school for the debased tints we know so absurdly as "aesthetic." The ultras have gone so far as to take down the bed-hangings that make all the beauty of the French bedroom. None are so fanatic as the newly converted.

It is a little revenge of history. Anne and her ladies were so keen on French dress-fashions that they refused to dispense with them, even when there was a war on with France, and it cannot be said that our women have neglected these models since. Whether English furniture will take an equal root in France is, of course, to be seen. One may doubt it, for dress has long been cosmopolitan, whereas a change in furniture is a change in environment, and nothing, it would seem, could harmonise so little with the French temperament and the French taste as the austerity of line and the truth-without-palaver of English furniture.

When you visit the ruin of an old Abbey, or what not, do you not cast around for such objects as will help you to re-picture the building peopled with those old monks whose years it has so long outlived? After all, the human is the chief interest of any building, and more than half the charm of every grey survivor of the far-off past consists in the suggestion it gives of a human life ordered far differently from our own. In Winchester Cathedral there is one object which more than any other



THE MONKS' SETTLE IN WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

serves the imagination in good stead in an attempt to revive the old days. This is the massive oak settle depicted in the accompanying photograph, which stands near the quiet chapel where Izaak Walton lies in the peace of death. Here the old monks of the Norman times used to sit warming their hands over braziers of charcoal what time they awaited their turn to serve at the altar near by. Standing in the quiet spaces of this venerable minster, it is not difficult to fill that settle with monkish forms again, and hear once more the cadence of psalm and prayer which died away into silence so many generations ago.

A day or two ago, when the mercury in the thermometer was endeavouring, not without some show of success, to reach the top of the tube, I turned aside out of the heat and glare of Pall Mall into the pleasant establishment of the Pall Mall Deposit and Forwarding Company, Limited, in Carlton Street, Regent Street, where the traveller from home may obtain many of the ordinary advantages of a Club at a very trifling cost. Down in the basement I was taken to inspect the cold-storage room, which the directors have instituted for the purpose of storing and preserving fur garments of all sorts during the summer months. From the heat outside to a temperature bordering on freezing made a most delightful change; but so dry was the air that, in spite of my summer clothes, I did not find it necessary to become a borrower from the company of a fur coat or two, although there was a great selection of expensive garments from which to make a choice, the advantage of cold storage for furs having already begun to be known. It is a certain preventive against moth, as it is, indeed, a certain cure for the ravages of those destructive creatures, who are unable to live under the conditions in which the garments are placed. Indeed, the cold is a restorative and a beautifier of fur, and a stuffed seal which was in the room had the fur about the neck covered with a gloss which made me think it was actually moist, but touch proved that my eyes had been deceived. When people like the Princess Louise own muffs and circlets of silver fox worth £300 each, it is understandable that they should avail themselves of a means of preservation which does away with objectionable-smelling preventives which are by no means always certain in their action. The greatest care is taken of all furs, a practical furrier being in charge of the department.

The sweet girl-graduate whose portrait I give hails from South Africa. When only fourteen years of age Miss Helen Brown Muir entered for the "School Higher"—an examination similar to the Oxford and Cambridge Locals—and succeeded in taking the first place among



MISS MUIR IS A SOUTH AFRICAN GIRL-GRADUATE.

Photo by Bruton, Cape Town.

several hundreds of candidates. In the University Matriculation examination she again stood first, and gained a valuable scholarship. Next year she was not only first in the Intermediate B.A. examination, but was the only student who took Honours, and in the final examination she gained her degree with Honours in Higher Mathematics and Physics. Her triumph was not grudged by the many young men whom she had beaten in the contests.

It has long been known that the Millennium will be ushered in by the laying down of the sword; it has yet to be proved that it will be effected by the taking up of the pen. Whatever the conclusion arrived at by the Peace Conference may be, the delegates have, at any rate, been afforded the chance of recording their findings in a smooth and easy manner. When the Conference met, Messrs. Mabie,

Todd, and Bard, of Cheapside, proprietors of the Swan Fountain Pen, sent the delegates "Swan" pens, in the hope that they might be used to promote the interests of peace. The firm has received a letter from each of the delegates acknowledging the gift.

The French aristocrat, attracted by the example of his British cousin, is at last awakening to the advantages of trade and the beauties of a banking account, and quite a little crusade is being preached at the moment against the classic custom, which has so long prevailed across the Channel, of filling depleted coffers by the baiting of heiresses. The number of Frenchmen of family who have turned to trade in default of filthy lucre may be counted on one's hand; but now that the idea has taken hold of the "ungolden jeunesse," we shall probably see the names of noble families on hoardings and cart-sides before long. There are, of course, several aristocratic wine-merchants, and the business admitted to popularity amongst the "Order" seems to be the manufacture of bicycles and automobiles, in which several young men of family are now interested.

At the Zoological Gardens, Belle Vue, Manchester, an Indian python has laid thirty-five eggs, and is here pictured in the act of hatching them. The occurrence is rather unusual, and in the Manchester Gardens has



PYTHON HATCHING ITS EGGS AT BELLE VUE GARDENS, MANCHESTER.

happened only twice before. On both these occasions attempts to hatch the eggs, both naturally and artificially, have been futile, although many of the eggs were fertile. The python is about ten feet long.

A Volunteer who writes to congratulate *The Sketch* on its "Review Number" says he hopes the success of the function may do something to rouse the War Office on the subject of ranges. The superior powers of the Lee-Metford rifle have compelled many ranges to be closed; they were quite safe for the old Martini, but not for the new magazine-rifle, whose bullet travels so much further. Perhaps my correspondent does not know that a Return of Rifle-Ranges, showing the number of old ranges closed and new ones opened, has been published by Order of the House of Commons. Since 1890, when the gradual issue of the new rifle was begun, until the middle of June last, 323 ranges belonging to Yeomanry and Volunteer Corps in Great Britain had been closed as "unsafe" and 176 for other reasons—the withdrawal of landlord's consent, removal of troops, or a better range opened elsewhere. Against the 499 ranges so closed, only 167 new ones have been opened: wherefore, a shortage of 332 ranges seems fully to justify my correspondent's letter. The best Volunteers can't learn to justify their existence without shooting-ranges.

One hears a good deal about the evil effects of professionalism on games, and really there seems to be growing up among amateurs a business-like feeling which to old-fashioned ideas is un-English. For example, at the Amateur Athletic Association's Meeting at Wolverhampton there were three competitors in the pole-jumping contest. Two were extremely mediocre performers, and the third was the champion pole-jumper, who had had the misfortune to lose his pole on the railway journey. You would suppose those two athletes vied with each other in pressing their implements on the third man? Not at all. Each resolutely refused to lend, evidently deeming a Championship conferred by possession of a pole worth winning and wearing. Many sharp things were said at Henley when Ashe claimed that foul against Thompson in the fifth heat for the Diamonds. The warning which caused the foul was given by the Umpire in Ashe's interest; Thompson lost more ground than he did over the mishap, and really won upon his merits. The claim, which reverence for technicality obliged the Umpire to allow, would have been ungracious had Thompson been fellow clubman; being, as he is, a visitor, it was the greater pity to be so exacting.



MR. LAUNCESTON ELLIOT.

Photo by White, Birmingham.

Mr. Launceston Elliot is the coming "strong man" among amateurs—in fact, he has come, for his wonderful feats in lifting heavy weights have created a sensation in athletic circles. On June 24, at the German Gymnasium, he won the Amateur Championship by making three "lifts" which are not only records, but each of which far surpasses anything that has been done hitherto by an amateur. He (1) raised from the ground with his left hand to outstretch above his head a dumb-bell weighing 205½ lb.; (2) raised from the ground, one in each hand, two dumb-bells of an aggregate weight of 245½ lb. and held them above his head; and (3) he lifted and elevated overhead a bar-bell weighing 265 lb.

Thus, if the human body lent itself to handling as conveniently as a dumb-bell, Mr. Elliot could, with his left hand, lift a fourteen-stone man lying flat on the floor and hold him at arm's-length above his head, or, with both hands, a man weighing nineteen stone—for I don't doubt he could have raised twelve ounces more if required! The Amateur Gymnastic Association, by whom this competition was promoted and directed, measure such feats by the total weight lifted, and, therefore, Mr. Elliot is credited with 715½ lb., raised in three attempts, which exceeds by 26½ lb. the total lifted in four attempts by Mr. Spencer, who comes next on the list of winners. Mr. Elliot, who is twenty-five years of age, stands 6 ft. 1 in. in his stockings, measures 48 in. round the chest, and weighs a little under 15 stone. At the Athens Olympic Games held in 1896, Mr. Elliot won a prize medal and certificate as the athlete who lifted the greatest weight with one hand.

I did not know that if the heavy-weight lifter, while raising the great dumb-bell above his head, keeps his feet in line, he runs imminent risk of breaking his spine, or that this risk is avoided by shifting the right foot to rear of the left in the act of lifting. The correspondent who sends me details of Mr. Elliot's performance says that the champion was disqualified at the Athens meeting, where he raised 245½ lb. with both hands, for putting one foot behind the other.

The illustration which I reproduce contains portraits of three of the crack shots of the British Army. In the centre is Sergeant-Instructor Wallingford, of the Hythe Staff, who is Gold Medallist. On his right is Sergeant-Instructor Percy, of the East Surrey Regiment, who has won the Silver Medal and the National Rifle Association's Bronze Medal. On his left is Lieutenant Etches, the Bronze Medallist.

The promotion of Brevet-Lieut.-Colonel James Alastair Campbell to the command of the 1st Battalion of the Seaforth is another instance of the comparative youthfulness of Commanding Officers nowadays. In the good—or bad—old days a Colonel commanding at the age of forty-two would have been nothing less than a scandal and a disgraceful departure from tradition. But Colonel Campbell has well earned his promotion. The whole of his service has been with the old "Duke of Albany's Own," which he joined when they were a trewed regiment in 1876, becoming Captain ten years later and Major in 1891. Colonel Campbell fought with the old 72nd in the Afghan War of 1879, and in 1882 he was with the regiment in the Egyptian War, including Tel-el-Kebir, and for the more recent Khartoum Expedition he got his Brevet-Lieut.-Colonelcy and the two war-medals. Now he commands his old regiment under the title of "The 1st Battalion of the Seaforth Highlanders (Ross-shire Buffs, the Duke of Albany's)."

One does not expect to find much humour in a "stricken field," but the Bhutan Campaign of 1864 furnished a very comical item. The Bhutaneese, armed with stones, matchlocks, and bows and arrows, did not, as a rule, wait to meet the British Tommy and his native comrade, and, after a brief stand at Chamoorchee, the Deb Rajah sent this curious letter to the British commander—

If you wish for peace, do not disturb our peasantry; it will be best for you to go back to your own country without doing any harm to ours. But if you will take possession of my country, which is small, and attach it to your own kingdom, which is large, I shall send the divine force of twelve gods, as per margin, who are very ferocious ghosts. Of this force, 7000 stop at Chamoorchee, 5000 at Durma, 9000 at Buxa, and 102,000 at Dhalim Dooar. You have done great injury to our country, and should not repeat it.

However, in spite of the "ferocious ghosts" (as per margin), the war went on, and Bhutan was annexed, though two years later the country had to be reconquered, and the Bhutans made a rather better fight of it.

The Grenadier Guards, the first regiment in the British Army, "a pattern," as the Duke of Cambridge once said, "to the rest of the Army," have a grievance. The 1st Battalion was ordered to take with

the claim is "being considered." That a regiment on war-service should be held liable for the accidental loss of stores, and that the rank-and-file should have to pay for them out of their slender allowance, seems like an item of Gilbert and Sullivan topsy-turvydom. Yet that is how matters stand, and the Queen's Guards have to appeal, through Sir James Fergusson, to the Mother of Parliaments, the Parliament of the greatest Empire the world has ever seen, for the paltry sum of £340 to pay for stores lost while campaigning.

The presentation of a State Colour to the Scots Guards by the Queen on Saturday places the "Jocks" on an equal footing in this respect with the other regiments of the Household Brigade, for both the Grenadier and Coldstream Guards have State Colours. This is a distinction not shared with any other regiment in the British Army, and is an addition to the Regimental and Queen's Colours always carried. It is carried by the King's or Queen's Company, but only on State occasions (hence its name), and is lowered only to Sovereigns. It is a gorgeous flag of crimson silk, covered with heavy gold and silk embroidery. Besides the Regimental

badges of the Order of the Thistle and the Star and Jewel of St. Andrew, it bears the floral wreath of the "Union," the intertwined rose, shamrock, and thistle, and a wreath of laurel with scrolls on which the battle-names are inscribed. Then, as with the Coldstream Guards (but not the Grenadiers), the word "Egypt" with a silver "Sphinx" is displayed underneath, the Scots having been in Egypt in 1801. The colour is heavily fringed with gold, and on the top of the staff figure a gold Lion and Crown.

I have received a dainty book, entitled "The Golf Grounds of the South-West," by Charles Eyre Pascoe, giving on its showing a gossiping summary of the attractions of these downs whither men and maids resort to drive the flying ball. The letterpress is illustrated from sketches by Holland Tringham and Victor Prout, and also from photographs. These golfing grounds, in Surrey, Hants, Dorset, Devon, and Cornwall, are placed within easy reach by the excellent arrangements of the London and South-Western Railway.

A breezy company of United States cadets belonging to the training-ship *Monongehan* have been paying a quiet visit to Great Britain. Their tour was quite unofficial; they came unofficered, and hid where they pleased, few Americans even being aware of their presence in London; but one day they were accidentally picked up by Colonel Gouraud, Edison's London representative, who took them about to Henley, the



Sergeant-Instructor Percy. Sergeant-Instructor Wallingford. Lieutenant Etches.

CRACK SHOTS OF THE ARMY.



AMERICAN CADETS WHO HAVE PAID A VISIT TO ENGLAND.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

it certain stores for the use of the coffee-bar in the Khartoum Expedition, and, through the upsetting of a boat on the Nile, these were lost. The General Officer commanding the Division of which the Grenadiers formed part recommended the payment by the War Office for these stores, and yet the matter has had to be brought up in the House, and

Crystal Palace, and other sights. The photograph I reproduce was taken at Paddington as the cadets were leaving. It symbolises the Anglo-American rapprochement, for Colonel Gouraud, who occupies the centre of the group, is supported by Major Sangster and General Sir William Olpherts, of the British Service.

With the sanction of Princess Henry of Battenberg, Governor and Captain of the Isle of Wight and Constable of Carisbrooke Castle, the ruined Chapel of St. Nicholas in that venerable fortress is to be restored as a national memorial to the unfortunate Stuart monarch whose imprisonment there is the Castle's chief historic feature. The present roofless ruin



CHAPEL OF ST. NICHOLAS, CARISBROOKE CASTLE.

belongs to a comparatively modern structure, but a Chapel of St. Nicholas-in-the-Castle is mentioned in Domesday Book, and there can be no doubt that a building existed at the time of King Charles, whose apartments were directly opposite. An influential Committee has been formed for carrying out the memorial, with the Bishop of Southwark as Chairman, and a lively interest in the project is taken by the Deputy-Governor of the Isle of Wight, Mr. T. B. H. Cochrane, J.P., D.L., who resides at the Castle. The work is to be entrusted to Mr. Percy G. Stone, who has already carried out important restorations at the Castle.

Accounts of several churches interesting by reason of their diminutive size have appeared of late in *The Sketch*, and the peculiarity of the structure of the Free Church of East Penpont, in Dumfriesshire, known in the district as the "kirk wi' the crookit wa'," gives it a claim to a like distinction. This quaint edifice was reared in the "troubulous times of '43" in the kailyard of a local worthy named Janet Fraser. The Duke of Buccleuch, who owned the land, refused the Secessionists a piece of ground whereon to erect a church, and, as the good dame's garden was at one of its sides two feet off the square, the building was reared with one of its walls "crookit." The interior of the church has undergone considerable alteration and improvement since its erection, but exteriorly its interesting outline remains, and will remain till it ceases to be a church.

The Midland Railway Company has just placed on the road four new trains composed of corridor-coaches of the latest type, replete with every comfort, artistic in design, and furnished throughout in the most liberal and ornate manner. For some time the shops at Derby have been turning out coaches with raised roofs, which give the carriages an imposing look, and provide more air-space than was formerly to be obtained in a compartment built on the old plan. The new corridor-carriages are built on different plans. Those intended for dining purposes



NEW MIDLAND CORRIDOR-TRAIN.

have the passage through the centre; in the others the corridor runs down the side. They are all uniform in height, with clerestory roof—the covered gangway between the carriages permitting of a promenade from end to end of the train. The framework is composed of oak, with mahogany panellings, and the interior furnishings are all that artistic skill can accomplish.

We have all seen the itinerant street-preacher, who makes his appearance in the mean streets of the Metropolis, and adds to the terror of the London Sunday; but the majority of us have seen him only when his crowd is collected and his raucous eloquence is in full flow. I have explored the London streets diligently on Sundays, particularly pausing in districts between Waterloo and New Cross, a wide area not readily traversed, but before last week I never saw the corner-preacher collecting his audience. Then I saw two within an hour. The first was "a gross, fat man," whose linen was not only dilapidated, but also far from clean. His face and hands would have been the better for soap-and-water. I felt that the good sentiments to which he gave so free an utterance must have made their escape very joyfully. He came from a spot suspiciously near a big public-house, stood in the middle of a side-street joining the main-road, and shouted at the top of his voice, "What did the Apostle Paul say?"

The streets were fairly crowded, and it would have seemed reasonable to suppose that somebody knew; unhappily, no answer was returned, except from the top of a 'bus, where two rude boys asked him, in terms to which exception might rightly be taken, to go home and take something for it. Keeping sufficiently out of the way to avoid the worthy man's attention, I waited some ten minutes, while he kept a sharp eye on the passers-by, and when there were some ten or twelve together shouted his question out again. Ten minutes' hard work was required



FROM THIS HOUSE THEY USED TO WATCH THE DEAD AT DUNBLANE.

Photo by John MacLachlan.

before half-a-dozen wayfarers could be led to take an active interest in the question. Then the preacher proceeded to answer the question as to Paul's pronouncement.

The fervent question of the preacher reminds me of an anecdote concerning a Northern pastor who was readier at holding forth than in paying his debts. Once, during a week-day service, his wife remembered that a guest was expected at the family dinner and that the larder was bare. She accordingly despatched one of her olive-branches with a message to the butcher, whose name was Paul. In due time the little boy returned, and found his father leaning over the pulpit, vigorously addressing his congregation in the rhetorical interrogative, "What did Paul say?" To the sorrow of the preacher, and still more of his wife, the little boy piped out, "Paul said ye wadna get nae mair till the last was peyt."

A correspondent sends me a picture of another of the curious old graveyard watch-houses to which allusion has already been made in *The Sketch*. It stands at the entrance to the graveyard at Dunblane Cathedral. Overhanging the graveyard, supported on strong rafters, is an extension of a small room; this room was used by the watchmen, who took turns in guarding the recently interred dead against the "resurrectionists." From the small window the watchers had an extended view of the burying-ground.

The Guildhall School of Music, one of the most popular musical institutions in the world, flourishes exceedingly under the presidency of Mr. Albert E. Pridmore, one of the most energetic young members of the Corporation of the City of London. Pupils of talent are encouraged by valuable scholarships. For instance, the Secretary, Mr. Hilton Carter, informs *The Sketch* that the scholarship, value £75 per annum, recently given by Baron Johann Knoop to the Guildhall School of Music has been awarded to Joseph Schofeild, aged thirteen, a native of Leeds.

DICKENS CHARACTERS AS PERSONATED BY MR. CHARLES CONWAY.

From Photographs by the Delmer Art Studio.



MR. CHADBAND ("BLEAK HOUSE").



THE GRANDFATHER ("OLD CURIOSITY SHOP").



MR. MICAWBER ("DAVID COPPERFIELD").



URIAH HEEP ("DAVID COPPERFIELD").



MR. CHARLES CONWAY.



QUILP ("OLD CURIOSITY SHOP").



PEGGOTTY ("DAVID COPPERFIELD").



JINGLE ("PICKWICK PAPERS").



SYDNEY CARTON ("A TALE OF TWO CITIES").

Mr. Charles Conway, the clever reciter has made a special "hit" in his impersonations of Charles Dickens's characters. Commencing his professional career only five years ago, he is now a popular favourite in London and in many of the provincial towns. He mimics noted actors as vividly as he portrays Micawber.

The Great Plain of India is calculated to average an elevation of about a thousand feet above the sea-level. Some points, of course, are more than double this height, and others less than half; but the prevailing character is that of an immense plain, and therefore the annual migration to the hills is hailed with thankfulness, for the sake of fresh, cool air to breathe under the scorching tropical sun. Kailana lies 7180 feet high, on a range of hills between the Samallies and the everlasting snows, and is only to be reached by a journey of seventy-five miles from the nearest

seen simultaneously with the tortures of Hell. Zero and the torrid zone lie before your eyes at once, and across the heated valley, from the snows, there comes the soft, cool, refreshing breeze of the hills.

I understand that Mr. W. Hale White, author of "The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford," made his first essay in literature with a paper in *Chambers's Journal*, March 6, 1858, on the prosaic subject of "Births, Deaths, and Marriages," no doubt suggested by his official work in the Registrar-General's Office, where he spent the first few years of his professional life. The business of registration in England previous to 1837, when the work was in the hands of the clergy and thoroughly mismanaged, is there explained. The civil duties of religious bodies, the writer remarks, are nearly always performed in a bungling manner, and nowhere is this more apparent than in the old parish registers. Alterations, interlineations, erasures, to suit the convenience of interested parties, were not infrequent. The good old days when daughters of Freemen married in order to qualify their husbands for voting purposes are gone for ever. Some curious entries of names were noted, such as "Alpha-Omega" for an illegitimate child. The extraordinary names also appear of Kidnum Toats, Lavender Marjoram, Patient Pipe, Tabitha Cumi, Fussy Gotobed. The Russian War in the Crimea may be credited with the names Malakoff, Sebastopol, and Inkerman; while Florence, from Florence Nightingale, was perpetuated all over the country.

In the marriage registers occurred the entries—"Ceremony begun but not finished," "Bridegroom so drunk that the marriage could not proceed"; a "Lamb" before marriage becomes a "Lion" afterwards, a "Nightingale" marries a "Partridge," "Mutton" takes "Ham," and "Salmon," "Codd." Of the diseases which people have died of were—"Disease of the liver," "Hanged himself in a fit of temperate insanity from excessive drinking." Mr. White concludes by saying that here in Somerset House lies the real history of the English people. "My history's epochs are my birth, my marriage, and the memorable days when Tom and Jack, Susan and Jane, came into the world and gathered round me. The history of the nation may be in Macaulay or in the columns of the *Times*, but the history of the people is in the Registrar-General's vaults at Somerset House." And did not the writer live to illuminate some of the lonely by-ways of obscure lives by a rare genius and matchless style, in "Mark Rutherford," and its sequel, "Tanner's Lane," and "Miriam's Schooling."



THE HIMALAYAS AS SEEN AT SUNSET FROM THE KAILANA VALLEY, NORTH-WEST PROVINCES.

railway. The distance from the railway can be done in one day by "laying on a dak," which is practically the same as the old method of posting-horses in the good old days of coaching in England. But those wishing to see the country thoroughly prefer to stop at each "Dak Bungalow," or rest-house, during the heat of the day, travelling only in the first hours of daylight. Thus the journey takes several days—first through wonderfully fertile country, with acres of grain just turning to gold, enclosed by hedges of blue-green cactus; past groves of huge trees full of monkeys, sometimes counting as many as fifty in sight at once, gorgeous tropical birds and brilliantly coloured butterflies darting across our road in the scorching sun; at intervals coming upon mud villages, or sometimes little colonies of huts built of sticks. The natives here are an apathetic sort of people, ugly in appearance, of squat, Mongolian type. You have to cross the Samallies by the Tilny Pass, and here for the first time you catch a glimpse of the eternal hills. After the descent on the other side, the heat is intense as you travel along the valley of the Jumna.

In this region even the night is not cool, and sleep is impossible also by reason of the screaming of the jackals round the bungalow. From here, the road becomes too steep and rough for the gharri, and you are carried the last twenty miles by coolies in a peculiar kind of native sedan-chair called a "Dandy." These mountain coolies go at a tremendous pace, through woods, over stones and stubble and stumps of trees, perfectly regardless of having bare feet. This mode of progression is not pleasant, but to what an end! Kailana suddenly bursts upon one as the summit of the hill is reached by a path flanked on either side by huge trees of rhododendron, all in deepest crimson blossom, and through these you see, against the blue oriental sky, the glorious range of the highest mountains in the world, covered in perpetual snow. Where you stand, the sun is scorching down fiercely, and in the valley between the heat is scintillating in a visible haze, and there under the same sun stand the mountains of snow and ice, like monuments of the promise of Heaven



THE ETERNAL SNOWS OF THE HIMALAYAS, AS SEEN IN THE DAYTIME FROM THE SAME SUNNY VALLEY.



MISS LETTY LIND, WHO IS NOW CHARMING AUDIENCES AT THE ALHAMBRA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

THE ROMANCE OF LONDON STREETS.

The book on London streets which all lovers of London have been looking for has at last arrived, under the title of "Stories of the Streets of London." It has been written by Mr. H. Barton Baker for Chapman and Hall, and is illustrated with drawings by Mr. Charles G. Harper, whose road-books have made his name familiar. Mr. Baker had of necessity to be selective, for no one book could possibly deal either with London as a whole or with even its streets. The enthusiastic Londoner must of course possess himself of Mr. H. B. Wheatley's admirable work in three volumes, "London Past and Present," which is based on Peter Cunningham's "Handbook of London" and is arranged in dictionary form. It has become an indispensable work of reference to everybody who is keenly interested in the Capital. Mr. Baker, on the other hand, has produced a book which you may read as you run. His survey, of course, is necessarily a limited one, ranging from St. Paul's on the extreme East to Mayfair in the West, and naturally it covers ground which has been dealt with by recent writers, such as Mr. Warwick Wroth, whose "London Pleasure-Gardens" and "History of St. James's Square" are good specimens of the exhaustive monograph.

I do not know anything more interesting for a Londoner to do than to study the history of the particular street where he has to spend the greater part of his working day. This he may readily do on a Saturday afternoon, or, better still, a Sunday morning. Thus, having read Chapters VII. and VIII. of Mr. Baker's book, he can make a complete study of Fleet Street, which will fully occupy him for several hours, although it is short. Chancery Lane, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and Clare Market would form the goal of another pilgrimage. Indeed, twenty-three journeys, corresponding to the twenty-three chapters of this book, would make anyone fairly familiar with the sundry districts of the metropolis.

A peculiar interest attaches to Whitehall in view of the rapid transformation which is changing its character. Whitehall is painfully

modern in appearance to-day, although it really takes us back to the earliest period of the history of London. In the time of the Tudors and the Stuarts, Whitehall was a street of heterogeneous buildings, "some handsome, some mean, some shabby and decayed." The tennis-court, the tilt-yard, the cock-pit, were there. Spring Gardens contained more

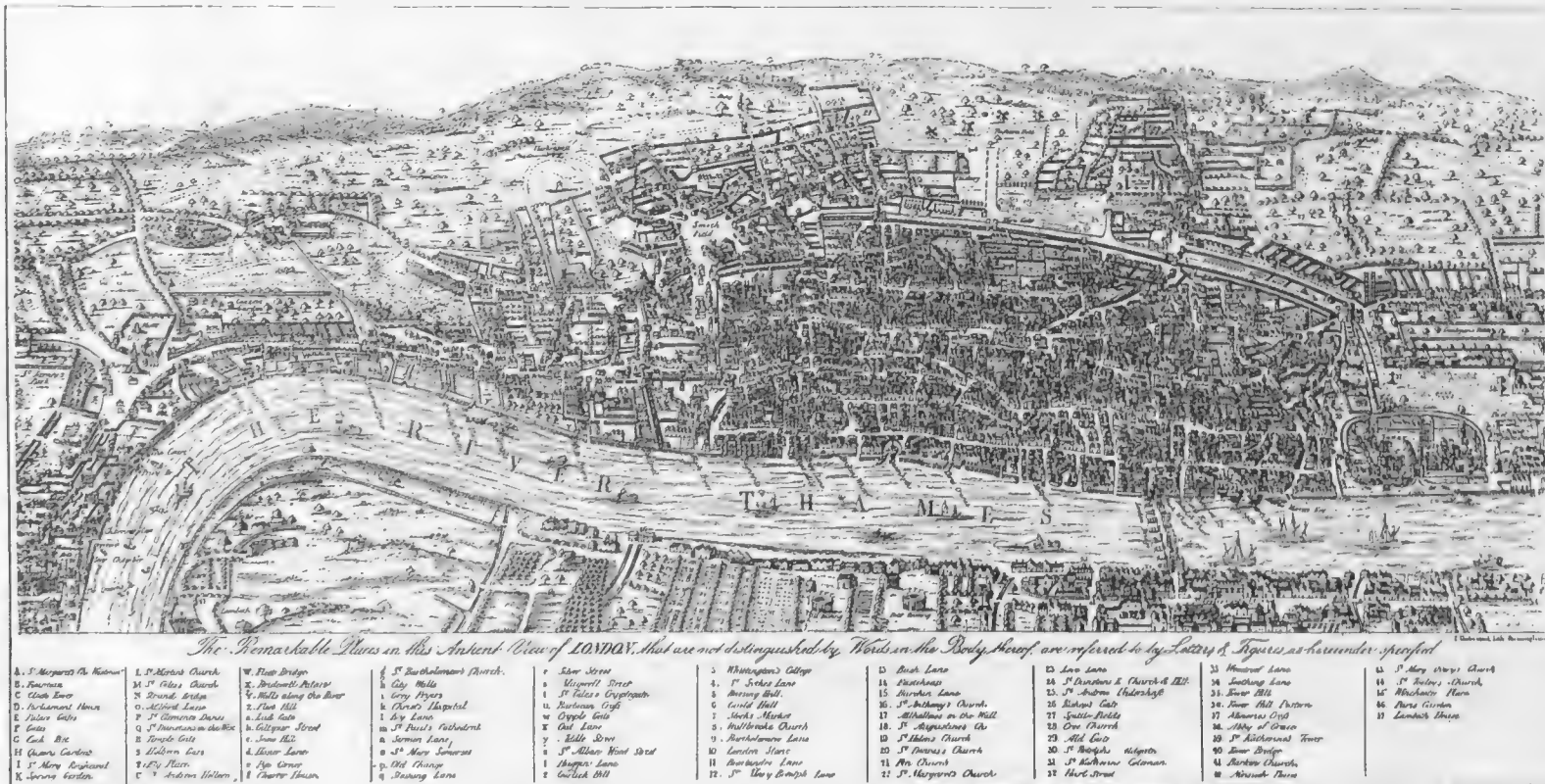
of romance than the prosaic County Council. The Mulberry Garden attracted all the beaux. King Street, which has just been pulled down, numbered among its residents Spenser, Dorset, Carew, and Cromwell. Looking at the picture of Whitehall even so late as 1754, you will see what an enormous change has taken place. The Chapel, which is now the United Service Institution, remains

as the sole landmark of the district. Just look at the plan of London which I reproduce here, and you will see how rapidly the face of the land alters, for scarcely a building save the Tower, on the extreme right, remains to tell the tale of the sixteenth century.

The last three chapters in Mr. Baker's book, dealing with Piccadilly, Mayfair, and Brook Street, are particularly interesting, because this district has been less exploited from the historical point of view than the other localities dealt with. Several buildings in Piccadilly are old enough to have a history. There is the Baroness Burdett-Coutts's house, with its reminiscences of Harriet Mellon. On the other hand, the mansion of old "Q," which stood between Hamilton Terrace and Park Lane, has vanished. Apsley House occupies the site of two famous inns, the "Hercules' Pillars," which Fielding has immortalised in "Tom Jones," and the "Triumphal Chariot," which was the resort of soldiers. Mayfair has many reminiscences, such as the famous chapel where Dr. Keith performed marriages on the Gretna Green principle, while Berkeley Square still has its haunted house, the mystery of which nobody seems to have been able to unravel. Mr. Baker's book would have been improved, I think, by his using photographs instead of drawings, while it most certainly should have had an index.



WHITEHALL AS IT WAS IN 1754.



LONDON IN 1549.

THE ELEPHANTS' TUB AT EARL'S COURT.

From Photographs by Mr. R. Johnson.

Mr. Frank E. Fitts's largest performing elephant, "Tommy," is taking his usual morning tub at Earl's Court. Every morning the whole troop, five in number, are treated to a real old-fashioned wash, first a vigorous application of soft-soap, next a scrubbing with a birch-broom, and finally a deluge of water from the fire-hose.



This is "Queenie," the most intelligent little pachyderm of modern days, who in her performance waves a flag of truce when hard pressed, but when in front of the water-spout requires a very strong army to make her turn tail.

THE REVIVAL OF CROQUET.



A FORMIDABLE ADVERSARY.

Of all the games at which Great Britain plays, the most typically English is croquet, played with wooden balls and iron hoops on a fair green lawn. Cricket, though equally a national game, might be played without great incongruity by the heathen Chinaman or savage Black, but a croquet-lawn is equivalent to the flag of England, for where one is discovered there of a certainty Englishmen must reign. They played at croquet in the early 'fifties, when Fred Walker was drawing illustrations for *Cornhill*, and Leech was portraying Society in *Punch*. They are playing at croquet to-day under the lime-trees on the lawn by the old red house. It is peaceful and still in the tranquil afternoon, so that the tap, tap, of the croquet-balls is the only audible sound, except it be the cooing of doves, who strut to and fro on the garden-wall, or the voice of the cuckoo calling again and again from the copse below the meadow fields.

"Can you play croquet?" the Queen asked Alice, and the Wonderland game which ensued was not altogether a travesty on the game as it is played by enlightened Society on the matter-of-fact lawns of everyday life. "The players all played at once, without waiting for turns, quarrelling all the while, and fighting for the hedgehogs." "Off with his head!" shouted the infuriated Queen between her strokes—perhaps only a queenly form of swearing, for a false hit is indeed ample occasion for the use of expletives. Meanwhile, Alice was explaining the trials of the game to the Cheshire Cat. "I don't think they play at all fairly," she said, "and they all quarrel so dreadfully one can't hear oneself speak, and they don't seem to have any rules in particular—at least, if there are, nobody attends to them."

Hedgehogs may be few and far between, and the flamingo a *rara avis*, but quarrelling over croquet is by no means peculiar to Wonderland. A mallet will not always hit true any more than a flamingo, and croquet-balls can behave in a most contrary manner, though they do not get up and walk like the hedgehogs of the marvellous Wonderland story. Soldiers even now are very often encountered on the greensward, and an imperious Queen of Hearts constantly takes part in the game, to whose

behests the soldiers yield implicit obedience, not infrequently losing their heads, as the saying goes, in the course of the game.

When tight croquet went out of fashion, one of the richest forms of vengeance was quenched for ever. Triumph shone on the face of the player who rested one foot securely on his own ball while striking with a swift, sudden blow the hapless adversary, sending him far beyond the furthest limit, away among the flower-beds at the other side of the lawn. It used to be a boot with elastic sides that was placed on the ball for tight croquet, for those were the days of erinoline, chignon, and Dolly Varden hats. Life was lived more easily then, and science had not intruded upon pleasure; it was both possible and probable to get through the kindly outstretched hoops that stood at such a wide and generous span; there was a superfluous little tinkling bell that rang inconsequently in the cage, or middle hoop, which was got through in an



THE NARROW PATH.

oblique, crosswise manner; there was an absence of boundaries and strictly defined rules; altogether, a more pleasing laxity about the game that accorded gracefully with the vague and leisurely lives that preceded this present high-pressure existence. Now, the wide and broad path of dalliance has gone out of fashion, for, even with the help of an occasional bisque, straight is the path and narrow the way that leads to victory, and even to the expert player the game presents many scientific difficulties.

Let each person remember the croquet-lawn of his childhood, and think it not unmanly though tears mingle with the memory. There is one croquet-lawn that belongs to the golden age and which sanctified the game of croquet for evermore. It was a wide, green lawn, with green banks all around; a chestnut-tree with fluttering leaves and a sweetly scented lime grew beside and threw their shadows on the grass; a grey garden-wall stretched along the outer verge, where roses and red currants grew; children used to play there, and grown people who forgot the children ever would grow up. "Dear days of old," when croquet was played without any rules at all on that sunny, sunny lawn, loved then so happily as a daily playground, loved still more passionately as a backward dream—

Now the friends are all departed,
The kind hearts, the true hearts, that loved the
place of old.
H. ANDASYDE.



THE GENEROUS SPAN.



THE CIRCUS GIRL, BUT NOT OF THE GAIETY.

EXMOOR PONIES IN BERKSHIRE.

The Exmoor pony may not impress you favourably at first sight, particularly if you be of orderly mind, with a prejudice in favour of smooth coat and kempt mane and tail. Life on the Berkshire downs,



EXMOOR MARE AND FOAL.

free as that on Exmoor, does not make for the superficial graces; but brief acquaintance with this transplanted herd shows that, while richer grazing and milder climate have contributed to add a hand or more to the pony's stature, the little beast has lost nothing of his sagacity and sure-footedness. Nothing will induce the pony to set hoof on bog or quagmire; no ground is sufficiently rough

to bring him down; and when the loose stone wall of Exmoor divides him from a field of oats, this acrobat among equines puts his toe in a convenient crevice and gets over—somehow; he may arrive on his head or his back, but he arrives; he eats all he can, which is much, and tumbles cheerfully over the wall again without waiting for the despoiled farmer to encourage his return with well-aimed stones. There is no opportunity for this feat of agility on the Buckhold lands, for the great paddocks are fenced with wire which the Exmoor pony has not yet learned to negotiate; there are no bogs on these flinty wolds to exercise his sense of unsound ground, but there are hills nearly perpendicular down which the drove thunders under flying mane and tail, and ranges gaily away, leaving you to reconcile with the laws of gravitation the failure of the whole crowd to break their necks. Shy as these Exmoors are at large, when once caught, handled, and broken, they are charmingly docile, and make perfect children's ponies. The Welsh pony has an ugly habit of kicking, born of much harrying by sheep-dogs; the Shetland pony's manners sometimes leave much to be desired; but the Exmoor neither kicks nor bites: it is blessed with a singularly even temper.

Like other wild, or half-wild, British ponies, it has an extraordinary constitution, seemingly affected by neither heat nor cold. When the snow lies deep, a daily ration of hay is served out to the ponies, but from wind and rain they find shelter only under the lee of the plantations. Until taken up to be broken they are never under a roof.

Dr. Herbert Watney, to whom the Buckhold droves belong, has tried the experiment of crossing the purest obtainable Exmoor mares with an Arab. From Mr. Wilfrid Blunt he procured a perfect picture of an Arab pony, bred at Crabbet Park, and turned him out to run with the mares. One need know little of horseflesh to be able to distinguish the Arab-Exmoor mare from the pure Exmoor. All the distinctive Arab character is there: she has the beautiful, lean head, the proudly carried tail set high, the long pasterns; and, oddly enough, her Arab blood has done nothing to qualify the sure-footedness of her mother's



AN ARAB-EXMOOR MARE.

family. The Arab is not generally a pleasant hack, for those long, sloping pasterns make him often a stumbler on the smooth road; the Arab-Exmoor, despite the long pasterns, has the goat-like agility of the moorland pony on the worst ground, his iron constitution, and adds thereto increased size and good looks. c.

A WET BANK HOLIDAY.

Bank Holiday morning, some two hours before noon, finds Waychester "like Niobe, all tears." Market Square, walled in by red-tiled houses built in days remote, receives streams of water from clouds and sloping roofs alike, until miniature torrents run down towards the gutter, and, being loaded with debris, speedily choke the solitary pipe that should carry them away. The outlook from one of the Wheatsheaf's parlour windows is dismal. Only a few boys with sacks over head and shoulders venture into the Square, and they are bent on business. Mine hostess, smartly dressed as becomes a great day, looks out from the other window and sighs for "them poor folk what's been a-looking forward to the 'ollerday." Then I remind her that the poor folk will have all the more money for the Wheatsheaf's till, and she brightens up, remarking how by special dispensation of an all-wise Providence "one man's meat is another man's pison." In the tap-room a few loungers have already commenced to make a day of it. Foremost among them is a big, sullen, black-bearded man, proprietor of the "Famous Bosworth Fair," a travelling show that goes through Landshire at this time of year, conveyed by four big vans. In the adjacent field all the attractions were displayed yestre'en, while the yokels looked on, admiring, and helped to fix tents and carry packages on promise of admission at half-price. Unhappily, the wind changed soon after midnight, the sky became overcast, and rain summoned the earliest workers to the fields. So the proprietor is drowning his sorrows in drink, while his company, eight or nine in all, having brought everything under cover, wander about disconsolate, dreading the return of their lord and master, who will roll in among them, with heart full of sorrow, skin full of beer, and tongue full of foul words.

Suddenly the carrier's cart rolls into the Square, and draws up at the Wheatsheaf. James Saunders jumps down, and the tightly wedged mass of umbrellas resolves itself into four constituent parts—a short, stout, irascible man, who dismounts first; a shorter, stouter, and milder lady, who follows him; an obvious daughter, and her swain. They stamp their feet, shake themselves, and enter the Wheatsheaf. Being persons of importance, they are admitted into the sitting-room, where the leader of the party orders hot mulled port. "It be main chilly drivin' this weather," remarks the carrier, who, having taken his horse and cart to the yard, has followed quickly to the doorway, being anxious not to miss the chance of a free drink. The short, stout gentleman grunts, and turns his back; the younger lady looks ruefully at the straightened feathers in her hat; her mother looks right through the carrier to the passage; the swain clenches his fists, and James Saunders feels that for once he is frozen out.

He retires, stating briefly that he will be back in the afternoon, when the weather may have broken. An indignant conversation follows his departure. I gather that the four travellers entered the wrong train, and were taken to Eastbridge, the nearest station to Waychester, three or four miles away. While they were waiting for a return train, the artful James, who goes through life looking out for strangers, persuaded them to come to Waychester in his cart, alleging, first, certain Roman ruins, and then—when he found they were worth nothing as an attraction—a Circus and Fair. They had passed the meadow where the Bosworth Fair should have been held, and now knew that their Bank Holiday was a ruined thing. Paterfamilias is disposed to bully his wife, and her daughter is disposed to bully her future liege lord. Happily, the mulled port arrives before a crisis, and, after a couple of glasses, Paterfamilias remarks that, after all, it is "well for folk to be under kiver on sich a day."

I leave the party to their meditations and pass out, noting that James Saunders is drinking, apparently at his own expense, in the tap-room. I say apparently, for I well know that the unhappy quartet in the parlour will pay well and dearly for all the worthy man's refreshment. "Forty year I've a-been in Waychester, man and boy," he will tell them when they protest against his charges, "and niver before 'as anyone said sich a thing to me." It is his formula with strangers, and, as a rule, works very well indeed.

In North Street there is no more animation than there was in Market Square. Two or three small children are busy making mud-pies; but, just as I pass, an irate mother comes, steaming, from a wash-tub, and executes summary judgment upon one and all, turning smiles to tears. Most of the men are in the fields; there is no Bank Holiday for them unless they are content to lose a day's pay. At best, this would amount to two shillings; and the good men of Waychester, being for the most part married and well supplied with olive-branches, know better than to take a day off. The bachelors and ne'er-do-wells are idling, but they can't be enjoying themselves, while the brawny, golden-bearded men who sit in the hedges, with their backs to the wind, eating their lunch, must be well content with their choice. The schoolhouse is closed; Miss Brown went away on Saturday afternoon and will stay with her sister at Eastbridge until to-night; so the boys and girls are free. The latter are helping their mothers at the wash-tub, or doing cleaning and mending, or looking after the latest arrivals; but the boys, or the majority of them, are in the barn. Two, defiant of the rain, "keep cave," as we used to say in the old school-days—doubtless they call it by another name—the rest are smoking brown paper in the form of cigarettes with the keen enjoyment born of doing brave deeds. In the heart of the woods a cuckoo is calling; there is a sound of merriment in his call. Perhaps he is amused to think that a little rain can upset so many mortal plans. S. L. BENSUSAN.



MISS LILIAN BLAUVELT, THE SOPRANO.

Born in Brooklyn in March 1873—her father being of Dutch and her mother of Welsh ancestry—she studied solfeggio at the age of five, and began playing the violin at seven, making her debut at eight. She played continually till she was fifteen, then went to Paris to study singing with Jacques Bouhy. She made her first appearance as an opera-singer at the age of eighteen in Brussels, where she played leading rôles in the well-known operas; but over-work compelled her to return to America, since which time she has confined herself solely to concert work. She has sung in every country in Europe, and appeared at one of the most recent State Concerts at Buckingham Palace. In private life she is Mrs. William F. Pendleton. This photograph has been taken by Window and Grove, Baker Street, W.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

The fortunes of a reviewer's reading have brought two curiously different books of royal memoirs before me simultaneously. Neither says the last critical word of truth about their subjects. Both are rather absurd compilations. But in wiser books the contrast between East and West could not be better illustrated.

One is the "Reminiscences of the King of Roumania" (Harpers), edited by Mr. Sidney Whitman from the German original prepared by the King himself. His object in writing it was evidently that Roumania should be before the world, talked about, written about, travelled in, more than it is at present, for Kings have to be good business-men nowadays. But this was not to be done at the expense of his aloof dignity. His actions, his State movements, were to be recorded, but nothing that would be of any interest other than political. The result is an official document, peculiarly dry and dusty. As a King, he could not, in prudence, have produced anything else, perhaps. But it is a pity that his book is a substitute for that of the "man of letters" who proposed writing it, if, as the English editor suggests, his object was to advertise his kingdom. King Charles has had a hard task since he undertook to be Prince in Roumania, and in his career there has been no little romance, but this is carefully excluded from his reminiscences. Only now and again in his correspondence do you hear the cry of a sore-pressed man, who was almost hunted out of his Principality by faction, and who, in spite of an occasional dream of retiring to Switzerland, knew it was his duty to stick fast to his post, and meant to do it. "The waves now sweep my ship to the skies," he writes to Bismarck, "now dash it down to the depths; but, as surely as God is my helper, I will not let it be wrecked. To-day the crew would willingly throw me overboard, but a few still possess sufficient intelligence to know that I alone can steer them safely into port."

If the personal element is wanting in the reminiscences of the King of Roumania, there is nothing else in the book devoted to the study of another royalty, which fate has thrown in my way at the same time "Thibaw's Queen" (Harpers), by Mr. H. Fielding, is not at all official. Mr. Fielding has written faithfully what he heard during his stay in Burmah, but probably his version wants revision. Poor Thibaw in his exile is forgotten now, and it may seem that there is little to be got by stirring up the old memories of him and his Court. But this is not so.

The story told here has real fascination, and even if we discount a good deal of it because of the obvious partiality with which it is written, and if we cast doubt on the source of the information, something of strong interest remains. All that is personal to Thibaw and his wife the writer has got from a Maid-of-Honour to the Queen, who lived at the Court as a child, and who was only thirteen at the taking of Mandalay.

Well, his conclusion, put into far more brutal words than he would use, is that Thibaw was a harmless fool. He had been stuffed with Buddhist learning in a monastery, and had come out of seclusion straight to the throne, without preparation, without capacity. He loved his Queen, and knew it was best to knuckle under before her. She

prevented his getting into mischief many a time, and he did not resent her strong measures of tyranny for his good. But the Queen—well, no wonder a book has been written about her! She was a personality of a most defined type, and surely at this moment gives the authorities in her place of exile an anxious and agitated life. She knew Thibaw before he went into the monastery. When she heard he was coming out to be King, she wrote to him to say she was more devoted to him than anyone else could be, and that she had made up her mind to be his Queen. There was no gainsaying her. She did not wait for an answer. She went to the King's Palace, and there she stayed; nor would she be dislodged, though her mother came to drag her away in the name of all the proprieties, and though all the authorities shook their heads. It was her sister's right to be Queen. She was only the "middle Princess," merely eligible as a minor wife. Later, the King was forced to marry the elder Princess, who was carried in state to the Palace. But after the grand ceremony nothing more happened. She was nobody in the Palace, and,

very sensibly, went back to her mother again. This was how the "middle Princess" behaved all along; and a reader is astounded at the end to think that foreign warships were enough to drag her out of Mandalay and away from the scene of her so confident authority.

A curious book, which takes the vague memories and the gushing sentimentality of a child as serious evidence. But far from valueless, and even fascinating, is the picture of the happy, careless Court, the incapacity of the rulers in times of difficulty, and the audacious cruelty and the unrestrained will of a woman before whom everyone bowed—till cold Europe stepped in—though she was not beautiful, and though her position at the Court was always irregular and unacknowledged.—O. O.



MISS DOROTHY USNER.

She plays the maid in "Why Smith Left Home." She is a native of St. Louis, and went on the stage entirely against the wishes of her family, and also does a little journalism. She has been photographed here by Mr. H. Walter Barnett, of Hyde Park Corner.

THE "MUSICAL" OF LONDON SOCIETY.

"To-night," said Miss Marie Engle, "I sing at a soirée of the grand world."

We all know Miss Engle in Opera—one of the fine singers and beautiful women sent us by America (writes a representative of *The Sketch*). Ah, our Transatlantic kinsfolk have the true secret of how to conquer the

Old World! Still, that is an old story, whereas Miss Engle's remark suggested a fresh one.

"Won't you," I asked her, "talk a little to me about the soirée of the London Season?"

"Why," she answered, "it's a delightful institution—delightful for the artists as it must be charming for the guests. Sometimes you are both artist and guest, and what more could one have? Frequently I have been to Mrs. Ronalds's 'musicals' in that way—an ideal hostess. Yes, she gives 'musicals' every Sunday during the Season, and it's a great thing to be there. Is Sunday the day for this form of hospitality? Oh, no, though Sunday evening is quite a time. No, the soirée is, broadly speaking, part of the hospitality of the week—it may follow a dinner, a reception, or be given instead of a ball."



MISS MARIE ENGLE.
Photo by Dupont, New York.

It was not necessary for me to inquire how my Lady of Fashion of Belgravia—meaning Society with a large "S"—proceeds when she has decided to give a "musical"; that is, in the sense of getting together the musical talent. She may apply to an agency, or she may herself make a list of the artists she wishes and engage them direct. In either case, the concert will cost not a little; but what matters that?—the London Season is regardless of expense.

"You see," said Miss Engle, "it is so easy a way for a hostess to entertain her friends—so easy and so admirable. She has her drawing-room filled with chairs, as if it were a concert-room, which, indeed, it is for the time being. She has little more to do than receive her guests, the rest of the hospitality being arranged. A reception might turn out dull; a ball might lack spirit, if enough dancing-men did not attend; and so on with the chapter of Society accidents. But a concert with good artists—why, here is assured entertainment for the company. I remember singing one evening at a house where the list of artists was a perfectly wonderful one. It included Madame Eames, Madame Calvé, Miss Clara Butt, and then such names as Wolff, Plançon, Hollman, Ancona, Saléza, and Bonnard."

"Well," I interrupted, "you would go a long way before you could find that array of talent on any public platform?"

"Yes, indeed! Apart from the music, I rather fancy that people are interested to see favourites of the musical world at close quarters. Take Covent Garden; singer and audience are far separated, as one might express it—you follow my meaning? But in a drawing-room it is different, and those who listen to you have also a capital opportunity of seeing you. Why should there be any such desire? I'm sure I don't know. Equally, I'm sure that it would be my way, as it would be yours. Perhaps, the charm lies in this—that it's something extra, something special."

The point in human nature was so interesting that I brought Miss Engle back to it with the question, "Now, suppose you have a drawing-room half-full of ladies, why should they wish to see at close quarters some other lady who is singing?"

"Oh," she replied, with a merry laugh, "to be able to study her frock all the better. You are amused, but I'm quite serious, as I'll prove, by telling you one feature of the soirée which always captures myself. I mean, the pretty dresses, the handsome women, the lovely, bright picture altogether; and please let me put emphasis on the jewels. Words fail me about the jewels of the great world of London; simply, they are superb. If I weren't a sensible person, I should often be stopping in the middle of a song just to admire the jewels. In themselves they make a dreamland—nothing less; but not being a woman, you can't understand all that. How could you be expected to do so? It's not your blame."

Miss Engle looked at me in dumb reproach, and I apologised with, "I fancy that all women like jewels—even American women?" She laughed right out, and I realised that the question was not one for two views. We passed on to an appreciation—no doubt that is the word—of the manner in which English Society women dress.

"With admirable taste," Miss Engle laid it down, "especially in their homes. You seem to feel that it is there they most shine—with even greater advantage than elsewhere. English women, as I judge, have in recent years taken more to colours for street wear—baby-blue, pink, and what not. But in the matter of evening wear, at home, they are all for subdued shades—so becoming, so pleasing to the eye, so graceful. A fashionable English woman is all grace; but, if you ask me to define grace, to instruct you how it is obtained, why, I'm afraid I

cannot. Some people are graceful, some are not, and that's the beginning and end of the business. English women are most graceful, and in the same relation one would say that they have to perfection the art of being able to entertain. It seems no effort to them; there is no flurry, everything being as natural as possible. A guest feels at home at once, the supreme test of a hostess."

"What sort of music is it that reigns at the soirée? Singing, for the most part, of course; but what kind of songs?"

"Love-songs—really, that's it; French love-songs, which are dainty and pretty and simple. The songs of Bemberg, Chaminade, and Tosti are much liked. Occasionally you have English songs, but mostly they are French; very rarely German or Italian. This, therefore, is in contrast to Opera, where the tendency is all towards what is German. As you assume, the form of entertainment at a soirée is chiefly singing, yet instrumental music is not infrequent, and one hears of a recitation now and then. I remember Madame Réjane doing a little monologue; a single-person play, in brief, it might have been called."

"When does a soirée usually begin—pretty late, no doubt?"

"Eleven o'clock would be the average time, and it would last for an hour and a-half or two hours. At a 'musical' given by Lady de Grey, I sang three numbers in succession, having another engagement that evening to which I then went on. The Princess of Wales was present, and I have sung before her at other houses. Obviously, however, a single engagement must, as a rule, mean a night's work, for otherwise you could not do justice to yourself, or to the soirée."

Was the institution as firmly fixed in other countries?—so I asked Miss Engle about the soirée.

"In France, certainly," was her answer, "and it is beginning to take a noticeable hold in America. One could wish the soirée to be everywhere and always, for, as I have told you, it is the most delightful artistic work imaginable. I have sung at the Duke of Westminster's, the Duke of Sutherland's, the Duke of Newcastle's—at those and other of the stately homes of England. Thus, the soirée can be understood to be firmly enough established in English Society. And now I must leave for the one I have this evening."

Our Opera and our London Season being over, Miss Engle goes home to America, but she will come to England again with the nightingales.

A GENTLEMAN RANKER.

If it were the reviewer's duty to classify Mrs. Coulson Kernahan's new novel, the work would take its place among fiction that is not essentially of to-day. The domestic novel, finding its interest in a family imbroglio, has become by convention "old-fashioned," but it is destined to remain when the fiction of nerves will have passed away. The title of the new volume, "Frank Redland, Recruit" (John Long), seemed to promise a military story, and the reader felt curious to see whether the writer, whose knowledge of medical-student life gave us "Trewinnot of Guy's," was equally at home in the tents of Mars. But of Frank Redland's soldiering we are permitted to see little or nothing. The story is all of English country-life, of the Squire and his relations, and the possible chances of the succession to the Redland estates of Francis of that ilk. Frank is the son of Colonel Redland, brother to the Squire, and, although the estates must pass to him, the question of his touching a penny of the Squire's money depends upon his marrying his cousin, Maud. To this end Frank is invited to the Hall, and he very nearly does what is required of him; but for the family skeleton. The skeleton, in this case, takes a most agreeable form in the person of Fanchette, daughter of Madame Lafitte, a mysterious foreigner, who has settled near the Hall. The fact that the Squire's housekeeper pays Madame periodical visits of a financial character may be taken as sufficient hint that old Tom Redland is a man with "a past." Of that, indeed, the charming Fanchette is an ever-present reminder. She, of course, is the cause of Frank's refusal to marry his cousin and of his enlistment. How the story goes it would be unfair to disclose. Readers who like a novel that brings with it a pleasant breath of the country, and introduces them to people whose fortunes possess sufficient interest to while away a sunny afternoon, will soon find out for themselves. The characters with most life are undoubtedly those of Fanchette and the old Squire. The girl's elfish grace lends to the story some touch of another world, while old Tom Redland is just what his name implies, good red earth, earthy; in fact, the old Adam is strong within him.



THE COVER.

A CHARMING FAVOURITE IN A QUAIN COSTUME.



'MISS DECIMA MOORE AS A ROMAN MAIDEN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.

A DAINY DANCER IN A DAINY DRESS.



MISS PHYLLIS BROUGHTON AS A TURK.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIS AND WALERTY, BAKER STREET, W.

CHIPS ON CHINA.

If I were to review all the books on China that the present crisis has elicited, it would be impossible for me to give space to any other literature at all. Hence, I must make a selection, and begin with Lord Charles Beresford's "Break-Up of China," which the Harpers have issued. His report is based upon a tour of three months' duration, undertaken at the request of the Associated Chambers of Commerce. He arrived at Hong-Kong on Sept. 30 last year, and quitted Shanghai on Jan. 9. During his tour he voyaged up the Yangtse as far as Hankow, visiting every point of any present or future importance along the Chinese coast. He explored fifteen Treaty Ports, inspected forty forts and six arsenals, reviewed every vessel in the Chinese Navy, looked in at the labyrinths of Chinese finance and the local currency, considered the tariffs, estimated the prospects of railway development by an exhaustive inquiry, to the end that he now presents an important collection of facts and statistics, fully indexed, admirably collated, technical, imposing, and absorbingly interesting. "The Break-Up of China" advocates the policy of the open door and equal opportunity, insisting that the Imperial Government should take steps to forestall the total eclipse which is threatening British trade by the aggressions of Russia in Manchuria. At this moment British trade with this latest Russian Protectorate exceeds three million sterling annually, and British merchants control 64 per cent. of the foreign trade in China, yet at Tientsin, Newchwang, and other Northern ports commercial opinion is opposed to the investment of any further capital, since the whole march of events has been to prove how futile is the protection afforded by the British Government to British merchants. In Lord Charles Beresford's opinion, our policy is reaping the inevitable result. He indicts the Consular Officials, and declares that our methods of securing the British merchant the advantages of local commercial conditions promotes the interests of every other trader but our own. We extort fees where the other Consuls make no charges; we refuse letters of introduction, thus excluding our own merchants from the most remote chance of effective and fair competition. The fabric of our Chinese influence is rotten to its last foundation, and its decayed state has given rise to the impression among the Chinese that Russia is the superior force in the Far East, and that Great Britain is altogether impotent where she is not altogether indifferent.

"The Break-Up of China" reveals that country in transition from a condition of the utmost internal disorder to a state which will be marked by considerable improvement. The future of their Empire fills the Chinese themselves with dismay. At this moment they are anxious to secure the benevolent protection of the Mailed Fist. It is in the hope that Great Britain will have some voice in this that Lord Charles Beresford has drawn together such damning proofs of our position in China, and no report could put more clearly the vital facts regarding a population of 450,000,000 people, their trade, their territories, and their stage of development. Each chapter has distinct value, and gives a clear and comprehensive account of the subject upon which it is based. There is nothing for many years which can show China so intimately and so reliably as this great work, and although, in its account of the condition of trade, of the currency, of the railways, of the waterways, of forts and arsenals, of the Navy, of the Army, it is somewhat technical, it provides sufficient matter and more than enough interest to constitute a liberal education upon the subject of China.

Mrs. Archibald Little's book, "Intimate China" (published by the Hutchinsons), is best regarded as an excellent supplement to Lord Charles Beresford's work. This new book from Mrs. Little suffers from prolixity, and although there will be many to whom "Intimate China" will prove attractive, its merit as a standard record of the life of the people of China would be much enhanced had not other travellers already published several volumes upon the same subject. Mrs. Little describes China with the prettiness and the appreciation of one who has spent many years of her own life in the Far East, but her sojourn has not given her either very lucid or very practical ideas as how best to treat her subject. "Intimate China" does not, of course, profess to deal with the international side of the Chinese Empire, but it is a pity that, in a book so long, and compiled from so much experience of China and its many peoples, more space is not given to what should be the more important elements in such a work. Of mere description Mrs. Little's book contains many admirable passages—passages in which the atmosphere of China, the loveliness of the flowers, the romantic mysteries of the life, the simplicity, and, again, the savagery and superstition, of the people are most graphically portrayed. The chapters dealing with the wild beauty of the Yangtse gorges cannot be too highly praised. They are brief epics, glowing with a wealth of natural colouring. It is in these local touches that Mrs. Little achieves most distinction. These travel-notes are imbued with the absolute personification of the spirit of the Far East.

As we read, the Celestial Empire seems to lie beneath us, and, indeed, from the many engravings in the book, it is not difficult to see and feel the fascination of the country. The book contains the usual chapters upon the position of women, upon the missionaries, upon Chinese morals, upon foot-binding, &c., which are all interesting, but no whit superior to the accounts which are included in many other books upon life in the Chinese Empire. If one may say so, the fault of "Intimate China" is its lack of original treatment. Mrs. Little has observed what so many others have already described, and, forgetting this, her descriptions of the many and varied phases of life in China are, as I have said, a little too diffuse.

"YET MORE LIGHT ON 'UMAR-I-KHAYYĀM.'"

Under the above title there appears a short article in the last issue of the *Journal* of the Royal Asiatic Society. It is by Mr. E. G. Browne, Persian Lecturer at the University of Cambridge, who evidently takes a very great interest in the old poet-philosopher of Nishāpūr. Doubts, it would seem, have appeared about the part of 'Umar's history which relates to his having been at school with Nidhāmu'l-Mulk and Hasan-i-Sabbāh (I am here following Mr. Browne's spelling, which may be assumed as a correct transliteration from the Persian): dates have been found which would show that Nidhāmu'l-Mulk's age would make it very unlikely that he could have been the school-fellow of the other two; authorities have been produced which tend to prove that he was their senior by a good many years; but Mr. Browne has come upon a Persian author whose date is given nearer to 'Umar's time than that of the writers whose testimony is unfavourable to the accuracy of the tradition. This is a work of which the manuscript is in the British Museum, and is entitled "Jāmi'u't-Tawārikh," by Rashidu'd-Dīn, who was put to death in A.H. 718—that would be about A.D. 1327. The newly discovered passage is so full of details that students who are interested in the subject will be glad to have the account. Mr. Browne gives it first in the Persian character, and here is his translation—

Now the cause of the enmity and mistrust which existed between them [that is, the Nidhāmu'l-Mulk and Hasan-i-Sabbāh] was this, that "Our Master" [Sayyidnā, the title given to Hasan-i-Sabbāh, as explained earlier by his followers] and 'Umar-i-Khayyām and the Nidhāmu'l-Mulk were at school together in Nishāpūr, and, as is the custom of boyish days and the way of children, they inaugurated and pursued a rule of friendship and devotion which culminated in their drinking of each other's blood and swearing a solemn oath that whichever of them should attain to high rank and lofty degree should patronise and help the others. Now it chanced, by a train of circumstances fully set forth in the "History of the House of Seljūq" ["Tārikh-i-Al-i-Saljūq"], that the Nidhāmu'l-Mulk attained to the position of Prime Minister. 'Umar-i-Khayyām waited upon him and reminded him of the vows and covenants of their boyish days. The Nidhāmu'l-Mulk, recognising those old claims, said, "The government of Nishāpūr and the surrounding districts is thine." But 'Umar, who was a great man, and withal an eminent philosopher and a man of sense, replied, "I have no desire for the government of a province or for the restraining of the people by command and prohibition. Rather assign to me an allowance or stipend of the nature of a salary or pension." So the Nidhāmu'l-Mulk assigned him an allowance of ten thousand dinārs from the treasury of Nishāpūr, to be paid and delivered to him year by year without diminution or charge. In like manner "Our Master" [Hasan-i-Sabbāh] came from the city of Ray to wait upon him, and said, "The noble man, when he promises, performs." "Choose," answered the Nidhāmu'l-Mulk, the government of Ray or that of Isfahān. "Our Master," being a man of high ambition, was not contented or satisfied with so much, and refused to accept it; for he cherished hopes of participating in the office of Prime Minister. So the Nidhāmu'l-Mulk bade him attend the King's Court for a while; but, perceiving that he was aiming at his position and office, avoided him, and continued on his guard against him. After some years the King conceived a slight mistrust of the Nidhāmu'l-Mulk, and required of him a statement of the revenue accounts.

The remainder of the narrative is not continued here, as Mr. Browne explains that it agrees substantially with that given by Whinfield in the introduction to his "Quatrains of 'Omar Khayyām," pp. ix-xi.

Mr. Browne does his best to arrive at the dates of the birth and death of the three persons, and, as near as he can make out, Nidhāmu'l-Mulk was born in 1017 A.D., and died about 1094, or 1092, according to another authority; 'Umar-i-Khayyām died 1123, and Hasan-i-Sabbāh in 1124. Now, these two, to have been school-fellows with the other, must have been centenarians at least, and even that would make them about six years younger than Nidhāmu'l-Mulk. This difference, which is thus reduced only by a supposition that has yet to be proved, leads Mr. Browne to think that the story is improbable, and he would reject it, if the tradition only rested on some of the spurious works which have been previously quoted for its support; but he considers that "the testimony of the 'Jāmi'u't-Tawārikh,' both on account of its early date and the repute of its author as a historian, cannot be dismissed so lightly."

Mr. Browne's communication contains some valuable details, with dates, about Hasan-i-Sabbāh, who became the celebrated "Old Man of the Mountain" and Head of the Assassins. How few people seem to have been aware, when the *Court Circular* some little time ago announced the presentation to the Queen at Windsor Castle of "His Highness Sultan Muhammad Shah, the Aga Khan, Spiritual Head of the Khoja Community," that he was a lineal descendant of 'Umar-i-Khayyām's school-fellow. The legality of this descent was settled in the High Court of Bombay, somewhere about thirty years ago, during the life of the present Aga Khan's father, the reason why it was brought before a Law Court being that an income of £10,000 depended upon it. The whole of this story was described by Sir Bartle Frere, and may be found in *Macmillan's Magazine* for August and September, 1876.

WILLIAM SIMPSON.

The old "Steelbacks," otherwise the 2nd Northampton, have again won the Evelyn Wood Prize, with which competition the Bisley Meeting opened. In this nine teams selected from the Aldershot Division by previous competition took part, and the Northampton supplied no less than five of these, the Royal West Surrey (Queen's) three, and the West Yorks (Colonel Kitchener's regiment) one. The old 58th must be an exceptionally well-trained corps, for E Company took the Cup, and G Company, last year's winners, were second. Teams of the same corps also took third and fourth prizes, and the seventh place was filled by the remaining team. The Northampton last year did much the same, so that this is something of a record.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



DENTIST: Mr. Doppenhimer, you won't feel me draw the tooth. The gas will make you insensible; you won't know what is going on.

DOPPENHEIMER: Ish dot so? Well, I dinks I comes to-morrow.

DENTIST: But why not let me pull it to-day?

DOPPENHEIMER: Well, I don' yoost know how much monish der wash in my pocket-book!

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE VAMPIRE.

BY BASIL TOZER.

It was in 1896 that we met for the first time. We were seated at *déjeuner* beneath the great green trees in the Champs Elysées, and he accidentally spilt some wine over my hand. Naturally, he apologised, and as naturally I forgave him. Indeed, I remember that I ended by calling for a fresh bottle and offering him a choice Regalia, for the more we conversed the more he seemed to me to be one of the most charming young men that I had met for many a year. We soon found, too, that we had interests in common, and his conversation quickly showed him to be cultured and well-read. English by birth, he could speak German, French, and Spanish fluently, and Russian very well. Then, besides taking his degree, he had, I discovered, stroked the Oxford Eight, and, from remarks which he dropped incidentally, I soon judged him to be a finished horseman as well as a fine shot. Gabriel Vincent, in short, was a scholar and a sportsman. He had come to Paris, he said, chiefly to witness the race for the Grand Prix, which was to be run on that very afternoon. So we talked about the race and of the racing season in general for half-an-hour or more, and when he told me that he was going to Longchamp unaccompanied, the friend who had promised to join him having been detained in London, I at once suggested that we should go together.

"You seem to have travelled a great deal," I chanced to remark as we drove in his victoria through the delightful Bois.

"I have, but, oddly enough, I have never before been in Paris."

"How does it impress you now that you are here?" I asked casually.

"So far, I have seen nothing except the racecourse and the Cascade, Rue de Rivoli and the Brighton Hotel."

"You are staying at the Brighton?"

"Yes. I dislike great, noisy hotels. Besides, one is better looked after at a small place, if one can afford to pay—and I can do that."

He uttered the last words in a cynical tone, and a strange look passed over his face. I was puzzled. The tone implied utter contempt for wealth and for persons wealthy, himself included.

"Do you know Paris well?" he suddenly asked, as though anxious to cut his train of thought.

"I do. I can say that without hesitation."

"And are Frenchwomen really so charming?" he asked all at once, looking beyond me.

I glanced at him quickly. Several remarks which he had made during our drive had already convinced me that Gabriel Vincent was a young man of unusually strong affections.

"You may find them so," I replied drily.

We were arriving at Longchamp just then, and the conversation changed.

Six weeks passed. Gabriel Vincent was still in Paris. We had met almost daily. Often we had *déjeuner* and dinner together; frequently we spent afternoons together. Sometimes we sailed up the river and returned in the cool of the evening, for he was an idle man of fortune. But at night I now saw him but rarely. He never suggested our going together to the play, as he had been wont to do during the first fortnight of our acquaintanceship. The reason of this I guessed—and regretted. Still, it was not for me to interfere. Probably, I thought, he will pass through the phase. Then he will see the folly of it all, he will feel disgusted, he will turn the leaf and start a fresh page in life. I was mistaken.

Excess of work had necessitated my staying at the office later than usual, and the streaks of dawn were striving to pierce the mist which hung like a veil over Paris as I walked briskly homewards. It was in the Rue St. Anne that I saw the door of a gloomy-looking house open suddenly, and Gabriel come stumbling downstairs and out into the street, allowing the spring-door to close behind him with a dull thud. He was in dress-clothes, but his tie was missing, his shirt-front rumpled, his hat brushed anyhow and stuck on anyhow. For the moment I thought he must be intoxicated; but, upon my approaching him, I saw that he was evidently under the influence of some stimulant different from alcohol. Judging from his appearance, he might even have been drugged, for his eyes had about them that unnatural sort of brilliancy so often an after-effect of certain potent physics.

He had not yet noticed me, and he lurched round to glance up at the windows of the house. The Venetian-blinds were nearly all let down, and the lights in the rooms were being lowered one by one. Suddenly a tall, graceful woman, attired in a flowing gown, with an abundance of fair tresses reaching nearly to her waist, stood before the last window upon the second floor and waited there motionless. Her face! I shall never forget it. For it was lovely in the extreme, yet revolting; it was attractive, yet terrible; it was a face that might aptly have been described as "horribly beautiful." The features were those of a Guido Virgin's, the expression that of a devil. Cruelty and sensualism, lust and cunning, power of loving and power of hating—these and some similar characteristics were stamped upon the face as I have never seen them portrayed upon any other human countenance. And though the eyes were human eyes enough, they were eyes of an uncommon kind, eyes of the sort that denote gigantic will-force, the eyes of a Lesbia, the eyes of a Punk. They were strangely striking eyes, and Gabriel, looking up,

waved his hand limply at the figure quickly disappearing as the Venetian-blind rattled down.

I felt grieved at the thought that he cared for such a woman. Even now he had not seen me, in the half-light. Being but a few yards away, I quickly overtook him as he slouched along, and, laying my hand upon his shoulder, exclaimed in jest—

"Caught out, old fellow!"

He spun round and struck me a terrific blow in the face with his fist. Then I saw nothing but hundreds of tiny lights of every conceivable colour shooting about in blackness. When at length I recovered, he had vanished.

I saw him at the Divan Japonais two nights later, faultlessly attired as usual. He was alone. He waved his hand to me, indicating the vacant chair at his elbow. I had meant to cut him, but I changed my mind. He extended his hand as I approached. I did not take it, but, with a distant nod, sank into the proffered seat.

"Why," he exclaimed half irritably, half puzzled, "what on earth is the matter? and—why! look at your forehead!"

"You young hypocrite!" I replied snappishly. "If you had not surprised me, like a coward, *your entire face* would be blacker now than my forehead."

He stared at me. He gaped in wonderment.

"Of course, you forget everything now," I continued more calmly.

Then, of a sudden, his expression changed completely. For several moments he looked quite haggard. The skin about his eyes, I noticed now for the first time, had a strange bluish tint.

"Tell me—tell me everything," he whispered, with an effort.

Seeing that something was amiss, I did so. I was still speaking, when he placed his arms upon the table and buried his face in his hands. He remained thus for several minutes after I had ceased. Then he looked up.

"It comes," he groaned; "my God, it comes!"

He paused.

"Believe me," he resumed earnestly, "I was not drunk, yet I have no recollection whatever of what happened after I left that room in that house. I give you my word that I do not remember striking you. My dear fellow"—he put out his hand, and I took it now—"you are practically the only friend I have, and I would sooner burn my fist off than strike you intentionally. What prompted me to do it—you say I did it—I cannot conceive. Truly, I am sorry, extremely sorry, and I apologise."

"Say no more about it," I replied lightly. "What will you take now? A cognac? Then I will join you."

But I could see that he was greatly upset. He was pensive and absent-minded. In vain I tried to promote conversation. He it was who at last broached again the subject of the eventful night, who first spoke of the woman to whom I had alluded in the lightest way possible while telling him of his doings during the small hours of that, to me, memorable morning.

"She is a devil," he exclaimed at last, "a devil; and yet I can't escape her." Perspiration stood upon his brow. "It comes," he said again; "my God, it comes!"

I waited. A feeling of delicacy closed my lips, though I longed to know what he meant—what was coming to him.

"Shall I tell you all?" he asked presently, partly addressing himself.

"If you care to do so—why, do," I answered.

He placed his moist hand upon mine. He looked me straight in the eyes, as though debating with himself as to whether or not he could trust me.

"Let us go out," he exclaimed; "this atmosphere is stifling."

We drove through the cool night-air, without exchanging half-a-dozen words, as far as the Brighton Hotel. It was past midnight. He rang twice, and the drowsy *conciierge* pulled the *cordon* and we entered. We crept upstairs, and, when we were in his sitting-room, he closed the door, turned up the gas—there is electric-light there now—and, producing spirits and a syphon, pushed them towards me.

"Sit there," he said.

Then he unlocked a trunk and drew from its recess a small strong-box. This he placed upon the table and unlocked. It contained a large quantity of notes and gold, a cheque-book, a bank-book, half-a-dozen letters, and sundry documents. All this he pushed aside, and, a moment later, he found what he wanted. It was a metal tube of strange design and black with age. He unscrewed the cap at the end of it and shook out a roll of yellow parchment wrapped in transparent oil-cloth and apparently none the worse for wear-and-tear and the ravages of time. This he carefully flattened out, and handed to me.

"Read it," was all he said.

One side was covered with very clear writing, dated June 11, 1653. The characters were, of course, those in use at that period, but they were decipherable, and the phrases, though quaintly turned, were understandable. I lighted two candles, spread out the document, and began to read to myself its contents.

But I had read barely half when its entire purport flashed across my mind. If what I was reading were truth, not fable. . . . I looked up. Gabriel sat staring before him, his face blanched. Apparently he did not see me; he might even not have been aware of my presence.



"Stays! I never wore stays, an' look at me!"

"Gabriel!" I exclaimed, "Gabriel, is all this true?"

The sound of my voice aroused him. He looked at me blankly, and merely nodded. With a choking sensation I turned to the document, and finished reading it. As I let it go, it sprang again into a roll, and fell upon the floor.

"And . . . no heir who passes the age of five-and-twenty shall escape . . . though he shall hope and not believe . . . nor shall he reach his twenty-sixth year. . . ."

The meaning of the closing sentences seemed to be bubbling in my brain as Gabriel raised his head.

"And I hoped!" he cried bitterly; "I, too, hoped I might escape; I, too, did not believe!"

"Come, Gabriel, cheer up," I said, with a forced appearance of gaiety; "the worst may not come, after all."

"It has come to every heir in every generation since that year. None of them believed in it until within a year or two of the time it came, and they one and all hoped to escape. And the horror of it! The bare thought of my uncle's death-scene—my uncle, from whom I inherited the fortune—it is awful, too awful! And he, too, hoped."

"Are the statements recorded in that document all true?"

"Quite, I believe—absolutely true."

"What is your age now?" I asked, anxious gradually to turn the conversation. He did not answer. For nearly a quarter-of-an-hour we sat together, smoking, sipping, but seldom speaking. Presently Gabriel flung aside his cigar.

"Aphélie is my curse," he said.

I looked up inquiringly.

"The woman you saw," he added.

"Then why not avoid her?"

"I cannot. I half guessed she would be. I tried to keep away. I cannot. She is no ordinary woman."

He stopped. Suddenly he continued quickly—

"Three weeks ago she forced me to make a promise. I made it of my own free-will, yet against my will, against my better understanding. I was—I am still—a despicable fool. I cannot help it. 'I want you,' she said. 'I will give you greater joy than you have felt on earth before—joy greater than you will feel in death.' She smiled as she said the last words, and I thought her more than ever intensely beautiful. I laid my hand upon her hair and stroked her perfumed tresses. She placed her arm about my neck and kissed my lips. In the ecstasy of that moment I would have died for her; more, I would have damned my soul for her, and—I told her so. She smiled again; she laughed aloud, a soft, musical laugh; and then she gazed into my eyes, she kissed me gently again on the lips, and then she laid her head upon my shoulder, twining her hair playfully about my neck and face, so that for some moments I was nearly smothered in it.

"You would give your life for me?" she murmured into my ear.

"I have said so," I answered feverishly.

"And do as I ask—all I ask?"

"You know it," I exclaimed.

"And your soul? You would wreck your soul for me for ever and ever?"

"She seemed to breathe more quickly as she put the question in such plain language.

"Anything, everything; I will give my life, my soul, my all. I will . . . if only—"

"A kind of triumphant sob seemed to vibrate through her system.

"Then I am yours now, and you are mine—mine for ever and ever."

"The ecstasy that followed I cannot describe. Think of the greatest joy that has ever been yours, and you are no nearer to realising the ecstatic sensation in which I revelled, and continue to revel. Conjure up in your imagination all the most exquisite sensations you have ever experienced, and still you have no idea."

He was growing unnaturally excited. I ought to have felt contempt for him; I felt only compassion. The whole affair seemed uncanny. I did not like it. Suddenly he jumped up.

"I must go," he said hurriedly. "I must go to her now—I must go to her this moment."

He seemed to be looking for something.

"What do you want?" I asked.

"No matter; I cannot find it," he exclaimed feverishly. "Ah! it comes, the curse comes! I feel it upon me now! I feel it in my body, in my bones, in my blood, my brain, my very being! I hoped to escape it, but I cannot, so let me live while I may; let me live as I long to live for the short time left me; let me live in sin, in vice, in joy, in ecstasy; let me live, I say, let me live! live! live!—and let me pass, fool!" for I was striving to calm him, striving to control him; but, thrusting me aside, he seized his hat and rushed from the room like a maniac.

I heard him hurry noisily down the stairs.

I heard him shout, "Héla, le cordon!"

I heard the *concierge*, startled from sleep, cry out in reply.

I heard the door in the great gate open, then close with a clatter.

At about noon on the following day I had occasion to drive to the Rue des Petits Champs. A crowd had assembled outside a house in the Rue St. Anne. Several girls with tousled heads and scared faces were peering out of an upper window. I leaned out of the carriage and inquired of an *agent de police* what was happening.

He shrugged his shoulders. "Un Anglais inconnu has been found dead in that house," he said.

Then he grinned.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

Again the season of heat comes upon England, and we pant and swelter and steam, and run short of water, and are destitute of all protection against heat, as if it had never been warm in all the ages. Just so, when winter comes, we shiver in thin-walled houses made hardly lukewarm with open grates. We are never ready for either heat or cold, and yet we have them both in some strength at one season or other of the year. And so, when either comes, we are unhappy and uncomfortable, and try at vast expense to supply that which nations far behind us have already provided. Surely we must have inherited the unbusinesslike qualities of our possible partial ancestors, the Ancient Britons, who, as we are told, dressed in blue dye and skins; and I feel sure they wore the woad in the winter and the furs in the summer.

Indeed, most of our year is fairly temperate in temperature, though heat and cold are not measured by thermometer alone, and wind and moisture have much to do with the way in which heat or cold is felt. Our usual early spring, with its biting North-East and East winds, is well above freezing on the thermometer, but it cuts worse than a Russian frost of several degrees Réaumur. And even if our climate be for the most part moderate, that is no argument for thinly built houses, for, if heat and cold be not excessive, there are rain and wind. In too many of our suburban villas and cottages you feel the eddies of the autumn gale outside; it lifts your hair and bellies up your carpet. The damp strikes through the porous yellow brick and stains the ceilings. Such architecture is not good for any weather; it is most unbearable in great heat and cold, but it is never pleasant.

And not only do we get air when we do not want it, but when we need it it comes not. The stuffiness of our over-furnished rooms, the dust-traps and germ-traps of carpets and curtains and draperies, choke the atmosphere in rooms already too small. Pet dogs and cats and birds help to consume the air, and add to the dust and stuffiness. In and out of the streets we are always crowded, and we crowd ourselves worst of all. And, then, our dress—especially female dress, with its futile folds and rosettes and puckers and crinkles—all of them storehouses of fluff and microbes! When shall we have the courage to be simple?

Perhaps we cannot emulate the Orientals, and furnish a large room with a long divan, half-a-dozen cushions, and two or three little tables. There must be some provision for the modern civilised man and his ways: a chair or two, some pictures, a musical instrument—if anyone can play it well. But everything stuffy and superfluous should vanish; and then, even in our little rooms, we should have room enough to live decently. Draperies should be a minimum, carpets and cushions and curtains easily to be detached and beaten clean, walls washable, windows of the French pattern, blinds flat. Away with the hidden groove for the cord of the sash-window, the home of mice and beetles; away with that ladder of spiders, the Venetian-blind; away with decorations, and let us have design. Let the necessary, really necessary, articles of furniture be allowed for, and the room designed so that they may be disposed comfortably and with proper seamliness. Or, if this be too great a strain on the artistic faculties of our architects, let houses and rooms be planned with some clear notion of the uses to which they are to be put and the nature of the furniture that will be disposed there.

At present, those who draw out the plans of our homes have much, very much, upon their consciences. I have seen bedrooms that exposed any bed, in any possible situation, to a direct draught. I have seen a narrow chamber, obviously meant for a bedroom or dressing-room, and small for that, provided with a big fireplace that would have made the place unbearable, and scorched the counterpane, if a fire had ever been lighted. The man who planned that room could not have *thought*. Even in winter, a little portable stove would have warmed it enough and to spare. But it was cheaper and easier to make all the rooms in one pattern and furnish them with fireplaces of one size; and so it was done.

It is our dress that perhaps forces its inconvenience most strongly on our notice in time of great heat. Even if we suppress much of the unseen garments, we yet cannot arrive at comfort. Possibly flannels come the nearest to ease for men; though flannels now mean chilly cotton flannelettes. But ladies are less happily circumstanced. Even the modern fashion of evening-dress, ebbing away from the shoulders to an alarming extent, does not give ease and coolness. It uncovers in the wrong directions for health or comfort. An evening-bodice is no more supported by a bow or a string of beads than half-a-dozen storeys of a shop-building on the edge of a sheet of plate-glass. In either case there must be the rigid stays and girders concealed by the apparently airy fabric. A massive floor or staircase with no visible means of support is bad art, as Ruskin has pointed out; the same may be said of ladies' evening-dress in its extreme forms. In any case, it is tight in the wrong places for health and comfort.

The hot summers of late years have done several things to break down the imbecile traditions of male dress; they have shaken the top-hat, and naturalised the cummerbund. Why should not some enterprising artist design dresses for the time when England is semi-tropical? They need not be scanty; they must be cool.

MARMITON.

DOGS ON THE STAGE.

It was the night of Dec. 5, 1803, on the stage of the great home of the legitimate drama, Drury Lane Theatre. The curtain had fallen on



the first performance of "The Caravan," the first dog-drama that had ever been played, and the success of the new venture had been tremendous—a success which the impoverished state of the theatre rendered doubly welcome. The manager, none other than Richard Brinsley Sheridan himself, hurried round from the front and came into the green-room, anxious, as everyone supposed, to congratulate the successful author.

"Where is he?" he cried. "Where is my guardian angel?"

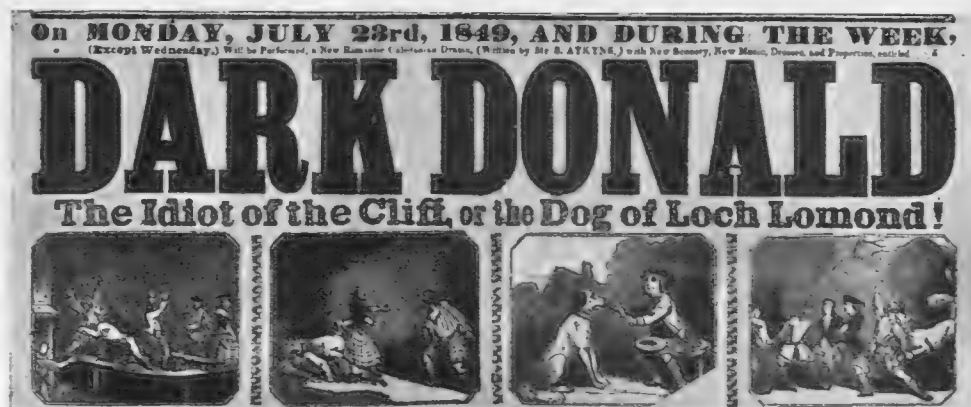
"The author has just retired," answered the prompter.

"Pooh!" replied Sheridan. "I don't mean the author—I mean the dog!"

And certainly it was the dog, and not the author, who drew the public. Yet he was quite an amateur, not even belonging to a member of the profession, but being the property of the keeper of an *à-la-mode* beef shop. At rehearsals he displayed all an amateur's awkwardness: he could not be prevailed upon to play his part at all. What he had to do was to jump from a rock into a tank of water, seize a drowning child, and swim ashore with him. At first the strangeness of the stage-lights distracted him, but when the platform from which he had to jump was shut in by two pieces of

scenery, his attention was confined to the water, and he jumped. For over thirty nights during the season he never seems to have missed his jump, and the public went crazy over this wonderful animal. As one critic said: "No actor was ever saluted with louder acclamations than this hero from Newfoundland." And the author, Frederic Reynolds, complacently remarks that he was lucky in clearing £350 in author's fees simply by a dog jumping into a small tank of water.

But "The Caravan," though the first, was not the greatest of dog-dramas. That distinction belongs to the world-famous play, familiar to every boy who has ever had a model theatre, "The Forest of Bondy," a piece which, with "The Miller and his Men," used to form the repertoire of most juvenile impresarios. "The Forest of Bondy; or, The Dog of Montargis," written, it is supposed, by Henry Harris, was produced at Covent Garden Theatre on Sept. 30, 1814, with immense success, and has remained the typical dog-drama ever since, and the touchstone by which the ability of the greatest canine actors is tried. The task which is set the dog in this play is a very hard one. His master, Captain Aubri, is murdered in the forest by Macaire, the villain of the piece, and the crime is revealed by his dog, Dragon. At the beginning of the second act, Dragon returns to the inn from which his master had set out, and rings the bell. On the landlady entering with a lantern, the dog takes the lantern in his mouth and makes signs for her to follow him. He conducts her to the spot where his master's body had been hurriedly buried by Macaire and his accomplice, Landry. Of course, an innocent man is suspected of the crime, and condemned to death; and, equally of course, the real criminal is indicated by the dog, who springs on Macaire the first time



MR. T. P. COOKE AS AUBRI.



MR. CONY AS LANDRY (1843).



MR. CONY AS PATTEPAW IN "THE RED INDIAN" (1831).



MR. WOOD AS CONRAD MARQUIS OF MONTSERRAT.

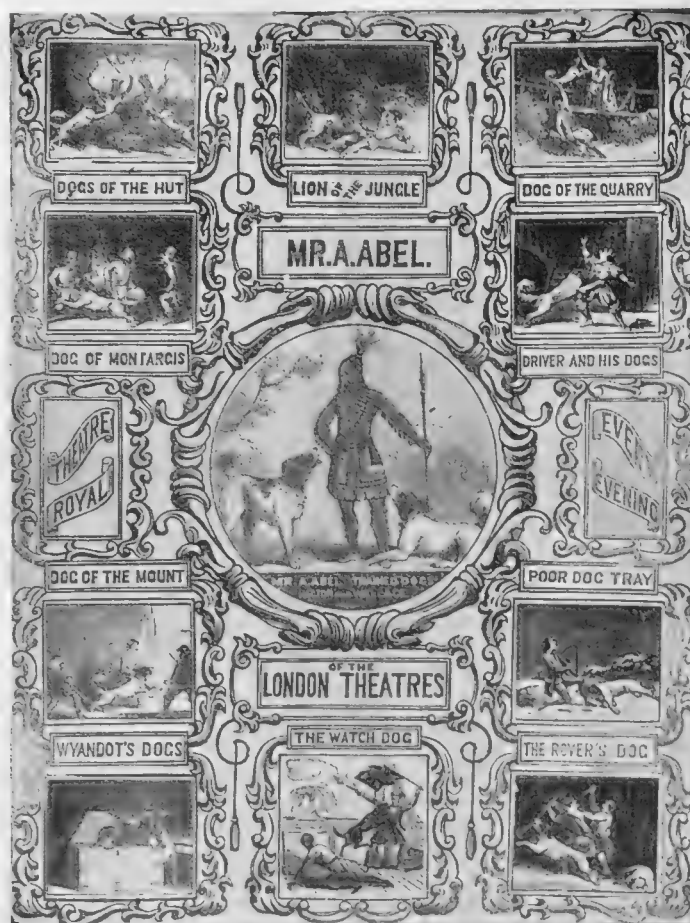
he sees him. The villain confesses his guilt, but makes his escape from his guards. The dog dashes after him, and, in despair, Macaire throws himself into a torrent, and is drowned. The dog's work in this drama is sufficiently arduous, and it necessitates a degree of intelligence and steadiness on his part which is little short of marvellous. The whole play depends on the accuracy of the dog's performance, and the slightest hitch would produce disaster. This is materially different from the circumstances under which a trained dog in a circus works. If he fails in a trick, he tries again; but on the stage there is no chance of retrieving a mistake. The original dog was very clever. Genest, the historian of the stage, says, "Quadruped performers are a disgrace to the stage, but the dog of this piece must be exempted from the general censure." I believe that the name of the talented animal was Bruin, and that he was trained by Hector Simpson, a famous dog-man.

In the original play it is Macaire whom the dog attacks and pulls down. As a development of the sensation, the regular dog-man, who had more than one trained animal to rely upon, put on two dogs in the last scene, one of whom seized Macaire and the other Landry. In a later version of the drama, which may be purchased from French or Dicks, Macaire stabs himself, and it is with Landry that the dog has a desperate struggle. Mr. Cony, whom one of the illustrations shows as Landry, must have been a circus performer; but I have been unable to trace him, unless he is the Cony who, at the "Royal Vic.," nicknamed "the Slaughter-House," was famous as a broadsword fighter. Mr. T. P. Cooke, the famous actor of sailors, whose portrait is given in the character of Aubri, was not the original performer of the part, but he was, in all probability, the best actor that ever played it.

It is distressing to confess it, but in the "palmy" days they played pieces at the national theatres that were not produced there after the degenerate days of the modern drama had commenced. So, after the success of "The Caravan" and "The Forest of Bondy," we have really no "legitimate" stage for our dog-dramas, and, to find them, have to take our way to the "minors" and the "penny gaffs" or "penny dukeys." In these, and such as these, the dog-drama flourished. The Britannia Saloon, the Bower Saloon, the Albert Saloon, the Nautical Saloon, Jamaica Level, Bermondsey, were among the favourite homes of the dog-drama, while even a more modest class of house could be found in "gaffs" such as "Billy Tooke's," in the New Cut, or "Clark's Penny Circus," at Mother Potter's, in the same fragrant locality. Here the entertainments were of a primitive sort. At a "gaff" at the King's

Of the names of the chief dog-dramas, a considerable list is given in the various prints which illustrate this article, and if we take one of these it will give a good idea of the general run of such pieces. "Dark Donald, the Idiot of the Cliff; or, The Dog of Loch Lomond," deals with the endeavours of Lord Robert Ratcliff, "a wealthy and unscrupulous Libertine," to carry off the betrothed of the virtuous hero, Edward Cameron. To this end he plots with Dark Donald, a part played by

It is recorded that, in one such encounter, so fierce was the fighting that the orchestra left their seats and played, some among the audience, some under the stage. "The fire flew from the swords," says the chronicler; "the audience trembled, yet applauded to the echo." Of course, Dark Donald has the best of the encounter, and is again foiled by the dog,



Of course, all dog-dramas were not such stuff as this, and in such pieces as adaptations of Scott's "Talisman" the dog is quite properly introduced. One of our pictures shows Mr. Wood, as the Marquis of Montserrat, being pulled down by Sir Kenneth's dog. It is curious that, as we began with Drury Lane, so we end at Drury Lane, for the last drama which demands notice is Andrew Halliday's version of "The Talisman," called "Richard Cœur de Lion," which was produced there in 1874. James Anderson was the Richard; William Terriss, Sir Kenneth; and the dog, Roswal, was played, I believe, by John Matthews's dog Wallace.

R. W. L.

R. W. L.

'E's a-chirpin' in the gutter
 To 'is love;
 Nah an' then 'e does a flutter
 Up above.
 'E don't 'eed you walkin' under;
 'E don't 'eed the traffick's thunder;
 An' I very orfen wonder
 If the sinner
 Ever gives a thought abaht to-morrer's dinner.
 Troo; the feathers in 'is tail
 They hain't ch'ice,
 An' 'e hain't a nightingale
 'Baht the v'ice;
 But 'is song's been sweet ter me
 Since I left mi mother's knee,
 An' we've allus tried ter be
 Very chummy,
 'Cos 'e knows I'm harmless as a tailor's dummy.

Pipe your cheeky, squeaky song
On the tiles;
Watch that Tom Cat creep along—
'Ow 'e smiles!
Though you're but a City sparrer,
'Tike your ch'ice from off the barrer.
Try this wegitable-marrer—
Lors, that's narrer!
You should allus keep one eye on cats, friend sparrer.

GEOFFREY PENWORTH

GEOFFREY PENWORTH.

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DOORS OPEN AT SIX O'CLOCK. PERFORMANCES TO COMMENCE AT HALF-PAST SEVEN.

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LAST WEEK OF Mr. A. ABEL AND HIS WONDERFUL DOGS!!

ON MONDAY, JULY 30th 1849, AND DURING THE WEEK

(Tuesday Suspended.) The Performances will commence each Night at 7 and 8 o'clock.

(Friday Suspended.) The Performances will commence each Night at 7 and 8 o'clock.

(Saturday Suspended.) The Performances will commence each Night at 7 and 8 o'clock.

(Sunday Suspended.) The Performances will commence each Night at 7 and 8 o'clock.

WONGA

OF THE BRANDED HAND;

Or, DOGS OF THE LONE LOG HOUSE!

Wonga of the Branded Hand
The Dogs of the Lone Log House
Principal American Artists
Act 1.—An American Clearing

Sequestered DELL!!
THE LONE LOG HOUSE!
WILD DEPTHS OF FOREST

BURNING: THE HUT

Mr. A. ABEL
Mr. W. H. NEWMAN
Mr. J. ATKINS
Mr. J. W. H. NEWMAN
Mr. J. W. H. NEWMAN
Mr. J. W. H. NEWMAN

(a Wyandott Chief)
of the
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Mr. A. ABEL
Mr. W. H. NEWMAN
Mr. J. ATKINS
Mr. J. W. H. NEWMAN
Mr. J. W. H. NEWMAN
Mr. J. W. H. NEWMAN




PRESERVATION WONGA

BY THE SHAPPEES!
OF THE SHAPPEES!
OF THE SHAPPEES!

Black Culture - Wigwam -
SAGACITY - ONE DOG HECTOR
Savage - Savage and Savage of Savage
WONGA - WONGA - WONGA

END OF THE WIGWAM

SEIZURE OF THE EAST WIG!
INTERESTING TABLEAU!
Grand Combat! Triumph of Wonga
Medley Dance.

DESTRUCTION OF THE SHAPPEES!
DEATH OF VULTURE!!
SPLENDID TABLEAU!
Mr. R. NATHAN

FISHERMAN KING!

Or, The DUMB GIRL OF NAPLES!

Principal Secretary and Incident
Terrace of the Castle of St. Elmo!
SEA VIEW NEAR NAPLES.
TRIUMPH OF MANANIELLO!
TERRIFISHERMAN'S COTTAGE

The Fisherman King hailed as the Deliverer of his country
PORTUGAL & THE BAY OF NAPLES
DEATH OF THE FISHERMAN KING DUMB GIRL
Terrific Eruption of Mount Vesuvius

(on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday)

Mr. H. NATHAN

Mr. H. NATHAN

MARRIED & BURIED!

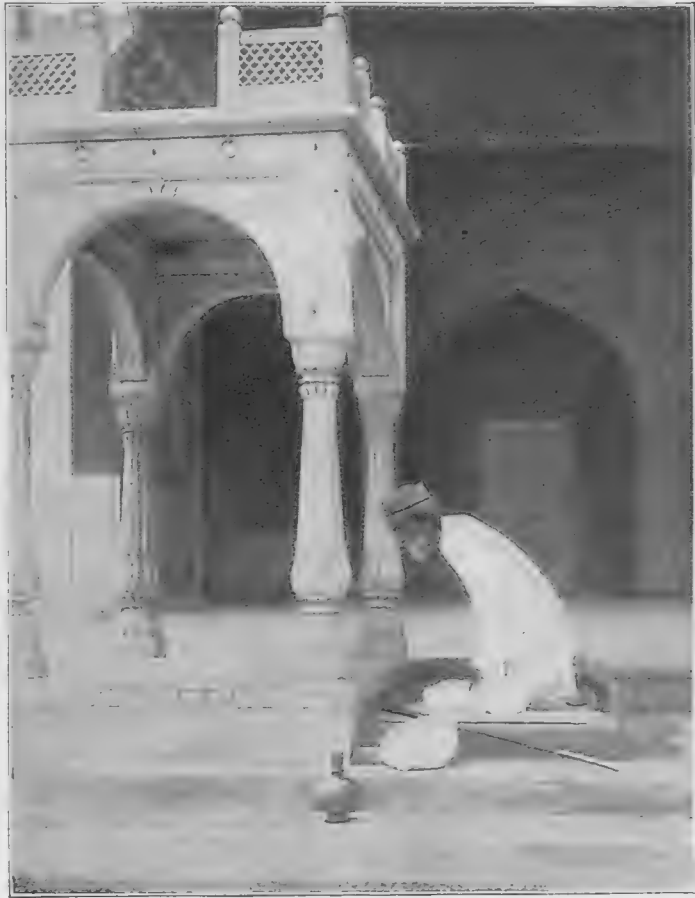
Tony Abel, the owner and trainer of the dog. And this is how it is done—"The Idiot's Daring and the Dog's Fidelity! Abduction of the Bride!! Terrific Struggle!!! The Idiot seized by the Faithful Dog!!!!" But, in spite of the faithful animal, the bride is abducted and immured in the idiot's cave. Then, in a "lonely and romantic dell," the injured hero and the idiot meet, and indulge in a "desperate long-sword fight," which was one of the standing attractions of such plays.

OUR FELLOW SUBJECTS IN INDIA.

From Photographs by Bremner, Quetta.



A MOHAMMEDAN PRIEST READING THE KORAN.



A MOHAMMEDAN PILGRIM AT PRAYER.



DELHI ARTISTS CARVING AND PAINTING.

THE GALLANT "EL CAPITAN," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.

From Photographs by Byron, New York.

'On Monday, at the Lyric, we had a comic opera new to London, which has been presented a thousand times in the States. Obviously, the Americans do some theatrical matters on a large scale. "El Capitan," as the novelty to us, deserves some consideration, even if little was paid to the drums of our ears. For Mr. John Philip Sousa, composer of "El Capitan," is about the most brazen musician that I can remember, and half the evening seemed to be spent in listening to marches of no particular character, but certainly some swing! One number, the song and chorus concerning "El Capitan," is likely soon to go round the town—on the barrel-organs. Yet it must be admitted that Mr. Sousa has a workmanlike knowledge of his art, and ingenuity and skill in handling his commonplace themes.

Mr. Charles Klein, author of the book, started with a good idea. Don Medigua, Viceroy of Peru at some period inconceivable to the

historian, is so apprehensive of successful rebellion that he allows, or rather forces, his Prime Minister to represent him on all State occasions, and he amuses himself by inventing legends as to the courage and ferocity of an imaginary creature called by him "El Capitan." When the rebellion arises, Medigua, dressed in fantastic costume, appears as "El Capitan," joins the ranks of the rebels, and orders the arrest of the Prime Minister, pretending that he is the Viceroy!

Here is a situation of some ingenuity, but, as often happens—too often, alas—the librettist, after contriving a comic state

of affairs, shows no skill in building a plot upon it. We simply had the old business of the Viceroy, already a married man, being ordered to wed an amorous girl, and trying to escape; a comic intoxication scene which might well be cut; and then, after various "funniments," the arrival of the Spanish forces and triumph of the Viceroy. The work, though



MR. DE WOLF HOPPER, MISS JESSIE MACKAYE, AND MR. WILLIAM INGERSOLL IN THE THIRD ACT.



FINALE OF THE SECOND ACT.

simple in humour, and, unfortunately, containing no effort at prettiness, save in a duet of little merit, had a very favourable reception from most of the audience. Mr. de Wolf Hopper had more than the lion's share

of the piece in the part of El Capitan, in which he showed a sense of comicality, a curious presence, and a rich voice without much tact or idea of art.

Mr. John Philip Sousa, the composer of "El Capitan," as well as of the far-famed "Washington Post" and other music, has earned for himself the title of "The Musical Midas of America." He was born in Washington just forty-three years ago, and soon evinced such marked musical inclinations that he was placed under competent instruction, and made his début as a violinist at eleven years of age. When fifteen he was teaching

but a very fair representation was given on the whole, and the audience seemed delighted by its entertainment.

The Elizabethan Stage Society have prepared an interesting programme for their next season, which will begin in October. The Society will give "Richard II.," the play which is being prepared for the Cambridge Local Examinations; Ben Jonson's masque, "The Sad Shepherd"; one of Mr. Swinburne's dramas; Fletcher's "Loyal Subject"; Beaumont and Fletcher's "The Knight of the Burning Pestle"; Calderon's "Wonder-Worker and Magician," Englished by Edward FitzGerald; and Marlowe's "Dr. Faustus," a revival by special request. During Mr. Benson's tenancy of the Lyceum Theatre in the coming winter, he will give "Hamlet" entire, according to the second quarto, and the Society are anxious to act the play as it exists in the first quarto, so that students may see clearly the development which this great drama underwent before it reached its final shape.

Mr. Sidney Lee presided the other afternoon at the annual meeting of the Elizabethan Stage Society, and spoke of the aims of the members as deserving of every encouragement. They did not seek to help people merely to while away an idle hour, to stimulate their digestion by hilarity, or to excite their nerves and passions by sensationalism and impropriety. They aimed, he said, at presenting in a simple manner, without a great deal of upholstery and scenic appliances, specimens of a great permanent drama of the past.

The Treasurer's statement showed that there was a deficit of £175 on the past year's performances. The Society could count upon only forty or fifty subscribers, and its five productions a-year could not be prepared for less than £200. The balance against the members had, so far, been made up by Mr. William Poel, the Director of the Society, but the work of the Society should be self-supporting. Dr. Furnivall, who spoke at the meeting, pointed out that, in these days of actor-managers and inordinate stage decoration, performances of the great plays of the Elizabethan age and players who revered the text and could dispense with gorgeous and distracting effects were most desirable.

Mr. Charles Hannan's new play in four acts, presently to be seen in London, has been secured as to certain rights by Mr. Norman V. Norman, who will produce the piece, in the first instance, at St. Leonards Pavilion for the week beginning July 24. Mr. Norman will sustain the leading rôle. The title of the piece is "Master of the Situation," the author taking for his motto



MR. JOHN P. SOUSA, THE COMPOSER OF "EL CAPITAN."

Photo by Baker's Art Gallery, Columbus.

harmony, and at seventeen was an orchestral conductor. In 1880 he was appointed director of the band of the United States Marine Corps, the official band of the American Government, being immediately attached to the President's household, a position he held for twelve years, serving under Presidents Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, Cleveland, and Harrison.

THEATRE GOSSIP.

Miss Frances Dillon began her career in the autumn of '94, and played on tour in a repertory of parts which included Susan in "Perfection," the title-rôle of "A Household Fairy," Dora (the only woman's part) in "A Case for Eviction," &c. She was next engaged at the Court Theatre, under Mr. Chudleigh, to play Mrs. Chetwynd in "Vanity Fair," and to understudy the part of Violet Brabazon Tegg, the juvenile lead, as well as to study the rôles of Lydia Languish and Julia Melville in "The Rivals." Then, in Mr. Fred Latham's touring company, Miss Dillon completely captured her audiences during the Cheltenham week in the pretty part of Winnie Smith in "Dr. Chetwynd's Wife," and as Lucy Hawkesworth in "The Girl I Left Behind Me." Her next experience was of the greatest service to her, for a year with Mr. Ben Greet is training of the best. Engaged to play the part of Berenis in "The Sign of the Cross," she fulfilled the best expectations of her, so much so that the part of Mercia was several times entrusted to her, and with great success. Miss Dillon understudied Miss Millard as Portia in Mr. Beerbohm Tree's production of "Julius Cæsar." Her father was a field-officer in the Royal Engineers, and she was born at Gibraltar.

"The Belle of New York," in honour of its five hundredth performance, introduced a "coon" song, sung by Mr. Connelly and chorus, and a "bones" solo by Mr. Lawton. The "coon" song is not so pretty as many that have already deluged the stage. The "bones" business required further rehearsal, but hardly deserved it, for the noise was sometimes distressing.

M. Coquelin was wise to give a performance of the Augier-Sandeau delightful masterpiece, "Le Gendre de Poirier," and those who missed his admirable picture of the old parvenu were unlucky, for it shows the brilliant comedian at his best, though some pretend that he is of less value in the part than M. Got. It may not be alleged that the rest of the cast is of quite the quality for rendering a work of such difficulty,



MISS FRANCES DILLON.

Photo by Macnab, Bridgeton.

thelines: "Good things seem shadows; is it only evil that is real?"

Miss Muriel Wylford will start her autumn tour at the Londesborough Theatre, Scarborough, on July 17. Amongst her repertoire will be found "Brother Officers," and "Under the Red Robe," with Miss Wylford in her old part of Renée de Cocheforêt, and a new play by Mr. Douglas M. Ford, entitled "None but the Brave."

Everybody knows that the great operatic



MR. DE WOLF HOPPER IN "EL CAPITAN."

artists add largely to their income during the Season by appearing at private houses, and that their fee—always a very large one—is divided equally between the singer and the Opera management. It will come as a surprise to many to learn that the same practice is in vogue at the very best London music-halls, and that the desire of Society to be entertained by the pet of the passing hour leads to largely increased profits for the variety artist and his manager. Generally speaking, the operative rule of equally divided profit prevails, and during the past two or three weeks several of the best specialists in the variety world have cost their managers nothing. It is obvious that a house will not readily part with its best "turns," and, accordingly, very high fees are asked. The general rule is to ask for an hour's visit to a private house a sum representing the weekly salary of the artist engaged. Happily for the profession, money is absolutely no object to the big entertainers, and on two occasions during the month of July private people have given variety entertainments in their town-houses at a cost that would pay the night's expenses of the largest variety palaces in London. This has been a good season for the variety theatres, owing largely to the ever-growing habit of making the dinner-hour so late that legitimate drama is too far gone to be worth a visit when coffee and cigarettes arrive. The only signs of weakness have been visible in the pit and gallery, to which the public have steadily refused to come during the recent spell of very hot weather. Some houses, with every reserved seat sold, and a sparse pit and attenuated gallery, have presented a strange appearance.

Miss Muriel Nelson is probably better known as the charming Lady Rosamund in Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's play, "The Liars," than as an



MISS MURIEL NELSON.

Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

exceedingly clever violinist, but she is one of the cleverest women players of to-day, though, unfortunately, she has, so far, refused to use her talent professionally. When she does, there is great pleasure in store for lovers of good music.

A little play by Mr. W. D. Howells, "The Mousetrap," has lately been performed in London at charity matinées. I note that a book by the same writer, "A Hazard of New Fortune," is being dramatised under the supervision of Mr. Howells, and will probably be produced in New York in the course of the autumn.

Cyrano lunches have now become popular Society functions in America, and at these the scheme of decoration must perforce be in the Cyrano colour, a novel shade of purple-red. What faddists these century-enders are, to be sure!

Months ago I referred to the pleasant rumour, which now seems to have received confirmation, that Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske, wife of one of the leading American theatrical journalists, Mr. Harrison Grey Fiske, would come to London to play. It seems probable that Mrs. Fiske will be seen by-and-by at the Adelphi in Mr. Lorimer Stoddard's dramatisation of Thomas Hardy's powerful and painful book.

I feel no surprise that the lamentably sudden death of Mr. Augustin Daly has caused Miss Ada Rehan to rescind her engagement to appear in the leading and "specially written" rôle in Mr. Cecil Raleigh's new autumn drama at Drury Lane. All of us, however, will share Mr. Arthur Collins's hope that Miss Rehan may be able to appear at Drury Lane in the course of next year. A striking tribute to Mr. Daly contained these words: "With the death of Augustin Daly theatrical management becomes purely a commercial proposition."



MISS CRICHTON AS THE FRENCH MAID.

Photo by Glover, Dublin.



MISS LOTTA BELMONT.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

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OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

The clear-sighted philosopher who says that "most of us spend half our lives in fighting for things that would only destroy us if we got them" could certainly never have formed a foretaste of what Goodwood can be, when installed with a merry house-party, to one who prayerfully angled



[Copyright.]

MISS ETHEL CLINTON'S PINK DRESS, AS THE LADY OF OSTEND.

for and obtained an invitation beforehand to this much-affected gathering. To spend five or six days on those green lawns, under those shady trees, is the very cream and gist and acme of the Season, when one exchanges the rush and scurry of town for the pleasant environment of the pleasantest race-meeting in the world. This year for the race-week will be one of exceptional interest, as the Prince will for the first time have deserted the Duke of Richmond and Gordon's hospitable entertainment for the lively meeting at Mrs. Willie James's, while, to make all things equal, the Duke and Duchess of York have accepted the Duke of Richmond's hospitality, and many other smart parties are already arranged in the neighbourhood.

Naturally, there will be a gorgeous foregathering of frocks, and even now the dressmakers are at what is technically termed the end of their wits in trying to produce, within a given period, the numerous *chefs d'œuvre* which are required for the auspicious meeting. Lord March is one of those who will entertain at Molecombe during the week, and Lord and Lady Settrington, Captain and Lady Evelyn Cottrell, have already accepted his invitation.

It is *on dit* that Mr. Leonard and Lady Violet Brassey will also probably be of this house-party; in fact, all the available houses about Goodwood are letting extremely well this year, and it is expected that, though the meeting may be no less packed than last Season, the quality of the hosts and hostesses in the neighbourhood will be more up to the old standard, instead of being, as was the case in the past year for the

first time, somewhat intermixed with the parvenu and the otherwise socially *inconnu*.

One charming little dress, which will figure on the first day of the races, is being made of white foulard with small black spots, and is built in a very young-looking manner. The corsage is formed of a yoke and front of white pleated cambric, while a row of white guipure insertion, edged with narrow black velvet, encircles the shoulders, and descends on each side to the front of the waist. The waist-band itself is a narrow twist of black velvet. The skirt is trimmed round the bottom with a handsome insertion, having rows of narrow black velvet dividing it.

A pale-green silk, with an overdress of ivory mousseline-de-soie and three festooned flounces which are edged with tiny black velvet, will be one of Lady Dudley's dresses, and to be worn with it is one of the large black picture-hats which suit her graceful style so well. An extremely smart hat, hailing from Jay's, will also figure in a notable Goodwood trousseau. It is made of white rice-straw, the border of which turns up from the face, and is edged with a twist of black and white tulle. An immense dragon-fly of white tulle, with a black velvet body and spotted wings, ornaments the hat in front.

Dresses of dyed guipure are much in favour at the moment, and will be freely used in outdoor autumn gatherings. Their effect is extremely good when made up over contrasting tones of taffetas.

Mr. Lee, of Wigmore Street, has a sale on now. A drawing appeared of one of his most successful effects in *The Sketch* the other week, but, owing to pressure of space, I was unable to dilate technically on its



[Copyright.]

THE EGG-BLUE GOWN WORN BY MISS CLINTON AT TERRY'S THEATRE.

special attractions. It is not too late, however, to remind those who are preparing for the country-house campaign or for foreign Spa or seaside that Mr. Lee, in his extended Wigmore Street establishment, has some specially good things to show in all departments for the well-dressed woman's wardrobe; some items which are particularly worth noting are

his whole dresses of dainty lace, in whose manufacture particularly clever experts are employed. Mr. Lee has made a speciality of his lace revers, done in hand-tucked and embroidered lawn. He has also a distinct success in his "Perfect" suede gloves with seamless thumb, which are now almost as well known as the crescent-shaped veils with which he made so notable a departure some seasons back.

It will soon be time to talk about travelling-dresses, for already the packing of trunks has become an interest of the near future. In making preparations for travelling, a few simple, well-fitting frocks of light-coloured thin beige cloth, with perhaps one of coloured linen, should be included in the autumn outfit. They will be found the most useful of all others.

A little travelling-dress of nut-colour cloth, with a short bolero bodice opening over a double-breasted gilet of white piqué, has just been made



A NICE BATHING-DRESS.

for the Duchess of Sutherland. Its build is extremely fascinating and smart, opening widely in front over a crevé of flat pleats done in white piqué, to match the waistcoat. Another autumn gown of pale-beige cloth, with yoke and sleeves of white lawn, is a novelty. The close-fitting tunic, buttoned up on one side and bordered with undulating bands of pale-violet cloth, which is also continued round the hem of the bolero, helps to compass a very pretty whole.

Lavender-blue linen forms one of the component parts of a smart dress that I saw done by Ernest the other day. This bodice also was a short bolero, which had rounded lapels fastened with choux of black satin. Enerustations of guipuré and pipings of mousseline-de-soie helped the whole effect considerably. The skirt, made in flat pleats, which were sewn over in vandykes to keep them in place, was beautifully cut. The hat to go with it, made of black rice-straw and trimmed with large poppies of blue mousseline-de-soie in graduated tones, was quite charming. While on the subject of travelling, I must mention a new sort of trunk which is supposed to be the lightest in existence, being nothing else than a wicker basket lined with American leather, on top of which is a smart flowered cretonne. Between the leather and the cretonne are placed long sachets filled with powdered orris-root, while other similarly scented slips made to the size of the

trunk are added to place between layers of garments. The idea is quite a new one, and should become speedily popular.

While still on the subject of voyaging, one is tempted to remind the wayfarer, more particularly the bicycling explorer of continents, that his far-afield excursions should inevitably be made in company with the harmless, necessary chocolate-box. This may seem like a joke, but is, in reality, sound advice, for it is very easy to get off the beaten track of inn or auberge both at home and abroad, and it is by no means pleasant to hunger and be far from food; besides, he or she who carries the nimble stick of Suchard need never overdraw on the account gastronomic, for of all other foods this chocolate is particularly nourishing and sustaining, being made solely from cocoa, sugar, and the purest unskimmed milk. Moreover, the milk is carefully and completely sterilised, a precaution that the manufacturers of Suchard have been the first to adopt, so that, from the hygienic point of view, their preparation is unsurpassed. It is, moreover, extremely palatable, having that delicious mellow flavour that only the very best and most highly prepared chocolate can ever attain, as intending travellers may do well to note and remember.

A comic story in this connection reached me the other day from a friend whose automobile broke down in a remote by-way of the Pyrenees, where, far from Biarritz or civilisation, there was nothing to do but wait until the first Samaritan came by. The belated *chauffeurs* had no future before them but to possess their souls in patience, and could preserve their bodily equilibrium only by the munching of milk chocolate. "Suchard, in a word," wrote my correspondent, "once more, however, saved the situation."

Apropos of automobiles, a couple of enterprising Americans are just about to start the longest motor-run on record. The journey will cover 3700 miles, from New York to San Francisco, and will follow the rough stage-routes of the Rocky Mountains, and even the very cattle-trails that were used in 1849 across the plains. It should be an exciting journey for the voyager and his wife, who, I am led to believe, is a very pretty woman, for it is not in the least unlikely that Indians may be met on the war-path, not to mention the many other incidents and accidents by flood and field which usually attend the pioneer.

Apropos of sport and sporting women, now that shooting has become so popular with the once timid fair sex, a new style of boot, called the "Sportswoman's" has been brought out to meet the exigencies of fair femininity in its tramps over heather or turnip-field. It is built in the manner of a field-boot, and looks very smart over a shapely instep, when surmounted by a short, well-cut shooting-skirt. Manfield and Sons, by whom such a large proportion of mankind is shod, are the originators of this new sporting-boot, and women living in the country can by this firm's system of self-measurement ensure a perfect fit, even though not within hail of one of their branches.

The factories of this well-known firm are the largest and most completely equipped perhaps in the United Kingdom, and the absurdly low prices at which they supply smart-looking boots and shoes of the very best workmanship deservedly obtain them an ever-increasing popularity. Besides a dozen branch-houses in London, all the big towns of Scotland and Ireland and the provinces at home are represented, while even in Paris, which is pre-eminently the town of the well-shod woman, Manfield and Sons own half-a-dozen businesses.

Several numbers which will particularly appeal to women wishing to combine a smart appearance and economy together can be found in the catalogue, which is sent free on application to "Manfield, Northampton." A glacé kid shoe with Louis heels for 18s. 6d., for instance, that compares well with those which we are accustomed to pay our special bootmaker two and a-half guineas for. Admirably shaped souliers in various coloured satins to match one's evening-dress can here be had for a nimble 3s 11d. Another extremely ornamental version of foot-gear is the cross-bar shoe, which in black-embroidered glacé kid or gold-embroidered white satin would match the most elaborate occasions. Manfield's lace-up and button boots have a particularly well-finished air, and their smart patent outdoor boots and shoes for town wear are as perfect in appearance as the most highly priced "family shoemaker" can evolve at four times the price. Sporting men and cyclists will also find their pedal extremities amply provided for, and even the dandified Yorkshireman who found that thirty-seven pairs of boots barely met his different exigencies might himself be provided for the thirty-eighth occasion by Manfield and Sons.

SYBIL.

The man-eating lions which have constituted so serious an obstacle to the Uganda Railway are not the only enemies of civilisation which have stood in the way of the proper development of the vast continent of Africa. The iron bridge across the arm of the sea which separates Mombasa, the terminus of the railway, from the mainland, which has just been formally opened by Mrs. Whitehouse, the wife of the chief engineer, takes the place of a temporary wooden viaduct which for very pertinent reasons could not be suffered to remain. This was owing to the frightful havoc which is wrought upon the submerged piles by a destructive form of ship-worm (*Teredo navalis*) with which the waters thereabouts are infested. This particular mollusc is only six inches in length, but this is by no means an "irreducible minimum," seeing that the *Teredo gigantea* is described by Sir Everard Home as sometimes exceeding four feet—a veritable sea-serpent, in fact. Its attacks upon sunken piles are best resisted by covering the surface of the timber which is beneath the water with broad-headed nails, the rust thus created making it impossible for these injurious creatures to force an entry.

CITY NOTES

The Next Settlement begins on July 26.

THE MARKETS.

The Account, which the Committee have again reduced to a four-day function, has passed off without difficulty, but the flatness, which the Transvaal unpleasantness would alone be sufficient to explain, has been emphasised by the unexpected dearth of money.

Our readers may wonder what practical difference it can make to a purchaser of stock whether he has to pay $3\frac{1}{2}$ or $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and, as a

matter of fact, if it were for one Account only, it would not be of vital consequence, but such large blocks of stock are carried in these days on borrowed money, and the margin of profit between the dividends accruing to purchasers and the interest on the borrowed money is so small, that 1 per cent. often makes all the difference between profit and loss. Suppose, for instance, an investor buys £10,000 worth of some first-class stock, which returns 4 per cent. on the purchase-price. If he can borrow £9000 at $2\frac{1}{2}$ or 3 per cent., the bargain is a profitable one and yields a high rate of interest on his own £1000; but if, by a rise in the value of



MR. R. R. NEEDHAM.
Photo by Moffat, Edinburgh.

money, the purchaser finds he is called on to pay $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for the £9000 he requires to carry his stock, the deal becomes an unprofitable one, and, if there appears a probability of this state of affairs continuing, it is cheaper to sell, repay the loan, and wait for better times.

High-class investments yielding low rates of interest, such as Consols, Corporation stocks, and the like, are strangely out of favour. The Corporation of Cardiff had to withdraw its $2\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. loan, British Columbia did not get very much from the public, and even the London County Council $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. issue brought a price which would have been considered absurdly low a couple of years ago. Croakers tell us that this is merely a sign of the state of exhaustion into which the unemployed savings of the nation have fallen, but it is probably nearer the truth to say that it is the effect of the general revival in trade having diverted to more profitable employment the funds which in times of depression are used in the purchase of gilt-edged securities.

Home Rails have been depressed on account of the money squeeze; but, as exceptions to the general weakness, Furness stock has improved and Great Central issues have been firmer upon the dividend announcements showing that all the Preference issues up to and including the 1889 stock have been covered. Several of the Debenture and rent-charge stocks are from 1 to 4 points weaker, more from lack of buyers than any other reason.

YANKEES.

When we expressed our opinion last week that the time was ripe for a rise in American Rails, we hardly anticipated that events would so quickly fulfil the prediction. Of course, the Louisville dividend had the effect of strengthening an already good market, and its declaration served more to rally other prices than to raise the quotation of Louisvilles themselves. It has been observed in Shorter's Court that it is rapidly becoming the fashion to pay dividends on shares which at one time appeared to have no possible chance of any return whatever. In spite of the sharp criticism that foretold the default upon the Preferred shares of the reconstructed companies, the lines are proving that even American Railroads are capable not only of earning money for their "bosses," but for the shareholders as well, and we see no reason why there should not be a strong upward movement in Yankees between now and the end of the year. A leading paper in Chicago has been collecting statistics as to the construction of railroads this year, and the figures show that the number of miles laid, so far, is largely in excess of the average. Now this activity does seem to be the result of a real demand for more facilities in travelling, and not merely a craze for construction such as swept over this country in the 'forties. At all events, the traffics are showing excellently, and we hear privately from New York that the crop prospects in many districts of the United States quite come up to those of a year ago.

Up to the present there has been very little public business in Yankees, as we remarked last week, on this side of the Atlantic. For one thing, the comparative stringency of money has militated against any pronounced "bull" operations, and New York has had its own troubles with its

Associated Banks returns, just as it did in the early spring. The tightness of money over here is likely to continue for the next few weeks; but when the market gets used to paying 6 per cent. contingencies, there will be little to fear from this bogey. Rather more difficult it is to gauge the possible course of events in the New York Money Market; but, given no worse situation than exists at present, speculators will not have any trouble in this direction.

To particularise, we still think Louisvilles are cheap at 73, although at this price they have risen five dollars since we first recommended them a month ago. Milwaukee are also likely to improve, and, with them, New York Centrals. Those of our readers who bought Erie First Prefs. at 34 should take their 4 per cent. profit. Union Pacific Preferred and Northern Pacific Preferred are both old favourites of ours.

FROM JOHANNESBURG.

Our Johannesburg correspondent's views on the political situation are very apparent from the letter which we print below, and our readers will notice that he, writing from the spot, takes practically the same view as to the war scare, that we have on this side consistently held ever since the Bloemfontein Conference. The prevailing opinion in Capel Court is that there will not be war, but that, so far as the market is concerned, the present situation may be so prolonged as to be even worse than war, and it is the fear of the continuance of the uncertain stage which makes things so bad. The public won't buy, and most of them won't even sell, until they think they see which way the cat is going to jump; while the professional dealer, seeing a prospect of this state of things lasting some weeks, is disinclined to load himself up with shar until there is some prospect of things improving.

BARGAINS IN KAFFIRS.

In recent months I have been warning the readers of *The Sketch* against buying Kaffirs at prices which, since the end of January, were, in most cases, too high for the immediate political and industrial outlook. Any man living in the country might have seen that a storm was coming, and Mr. Kruger's crafty attempt to win over the capitalists to his side was merely, as I suggested at the time, a clumsy endeavour to anticipate events. Since then, a situation has been created full of peril, and the market has taken its knock, yet prices are not so low as might have been anticipated, having recovered somewhat since the effect of the Bloemfontein fiasco was first felt. This applies more particularly to dividend-payers; other shares generally have had a much greater fall relatively, and, at date of writing (June 19), they are near the lowest points touched. The position in Johannesburg is now quite as "bearish" as up to the end of the Bloemfontein Conference it was "bullish," but, strange as it may seem, the small punters on the Rand are nearly always wrong in their forecasts of events within the Transvaal. These men must have lost heavily over the severe slump which followed the Conference, and yet it seems almost incredible that so many "cute" dealers, long enough in the country most of them to qualify for the First Raad, should have fooled themselves into the belief that Kruger had run down to the Bloemfontein picnic in order to hand over the keys of his country, so to speak, to the Uitlanders.

Now these men run away to the other extreme and preach the nearness of war, and, on the strength of their new faith, they are making heavy sales every day in London—thousands upon thousands of Randfonteins, Main Reefs, East Rands, &c. The bigger men here did their selling in London before the Conference. Very probably the small punters are wrong once more. Mr. Kruger is climbing down every day, and when he is in such an accommodating mood it will be ridiculous if both sides cannot come to a compromise. If Kruger will concede certain industrial and economic reforms, the Uitlanders can afford to be less exacting about the franchise. In the end, I imagine, some such compromise will be arrived at, but we may have some months of suspense, with the Kaffir Market bobbing up and down, in the interval. A real injury is being done to the industry by the existing situation. The natives have caught on to the idea that there is to be war, and they are leaving the fields (particularly Zulus and Basutos) in great numbers. We may shortly be confronted with a serious labour shortage, and, in addition, the water-supply at some of the mines is likely to fail before the advent of the next wet season.

Bargains are likely to be going in the Kaffir Market within the next month or two, and I may indicate some of the shares which offer the reasonable prospect of a substantial rise as soon as things right themselves. Already numbers of shares are low enough to justify the belief that they are near bed-rock, and there cannot be much risk in buying them now, provided the buyer can hold till the inevitable reaction comes. Consolidated Main Reefs are cheap at 35s. and there is a 50 per cent. rise in these shares within a reasonable time. Since Messrs. Wernher, Beit, and Co. took over the Barnato interest in this company, more life has been infused into the development of the property, and recently two subsidiaries were floated, the working capital being subscribed by Messrs. L. Hirsch and Co. at £2 per share. Spencer, who did excellent work at the Treasury Mine, has taken charge of the two Deep-level subsidiaries, and he will soon make things hum.

Barnato Consolidated Mines seem equally cheap about the same price. In the hands of almost any other group of capitalists the shares would stand to-day at double the price. I recommend these shares chiefly on account of the interest the company has in the Ferreira Deep, this interest, as investors can calculate for themselves, being worth, at to-day's price, over 30s. per share to the Barnato Consolidated. But the company has numerous other interests, including some fairly good Deep-level claims on various parts of the Rand, and, although a policy of do-nothing has been pursued since Mr. Barnato's death, the day must come when the company's assets will be turned to advantage. A certain London-South-African newspaper is wont to lay stress on the company's interest in a Delagoa Bay property syndicate. This interest I calculate to be worth 3d. per share on the large capital of the Barnato Consolidated! The Ferreira Deep holding is the only really high-class asset which the late-lamented Mr. Barnato saw fit to entrust the shareholders with, and this had to be fought for with rival claimants in the Law Courts. The Ferreira Deep has commenced crushing this month, and its share of the forthcoming dividends will provide a much-needed revenue for the Barnato Consolidated.

Transvaal Gold-Mining Estates seem very cheap at little over 30s. The shares were at £10 in 1895. There is said to be nothing more than the approaching exhaustion of the Theta Reef to account for the severe depression in the shares, but shareholders will, no doubt, take advantage of the forthcoming meeting in London to extract information on the point. The company has over thirty miles of gold-bearing country in the Lydenburg district; it is spending some £2000 a-month in prospecting this, and it will be curious indeed if no payable reefs besides the ones now being worked are discovered.

Randfonteins have had a bad fall, and, on the principle that they are now moderately cheap, they seem a fair purchase, though I would discourage the idea entertained by some Home investors, who write me expressing surprise that they have not yet been able to get out of their holdings at £5 or £6. Here on the Rand we are too practical to entertain any such illusions. When Randfonteins get to 70s. we begin shipping them to the Home Markets (many thousands have been sold this week and last for London in the fifties, but this was due to the war scare). Mr. Hays Hammond's report on the Randfontein properties has not yet been published, though, as the distinguished expert has left for Bulawayo, I presume he has got up all his data.

A few other non-dividend stocks in which money may be made by the investor who watches his opportunity when to buy are Bantjes, Witwatersrand Deep, Vogelstruis Deep, Knight Central, and Simmer East. Few of the dividend-payers afford much scope for appreciation in value. In the event of severe fluctuations owing to the causes above specified, it may be possible to get bargains even in the dividend-payers; but, at to-day's level of prices, the stocks I have named are more likely to have relatively greater rises.

The photograph reproduced is that of Mr. R. R. Needham, well known on the Johannesburg Stock Exchange and a director of several Rhodesian companies.

INDUSTRIALS.

The Miscellaneous Market has acquired a reputation of closely sympathising with the Kaffir Circus. Certainly, when South Africans are dull, Industrials usually follow their example, and this is partly because speculators in Mining shares are so often obliged to sell their Miscellaneous holdings in order to pay their differences on the Account Day. Latterly, too, the market has had several special reasons of its own for weakness. The Telegraph Brigade, for instance, is woefully dull, owing to the political horizon at the Cape, Eastern and Eastern Extension descriptions both having suffered severely. The deputations to Sir Michael Hicks-Beach on behalf of the companies themselves, and those who protest against the heavy charges levied by them, left an unpleasant flavour in the mouths of shareholders. Nor do we see much chance of a speedy recovery in this department for some time to come, owing to the recent developments. The American Cable companies are maintaining their receipts very well, but they can hardly hope to do the business this year which the Hispano-American War and the Yankee Railway boom brought to them last year.

It seems strange that there should be so many Preference shares standing below par of undertakings whose Ordinary issues command a substantial premium. As one solitary example, we may instance the Preference shares of Weldon's, Limited, which can be bought at $4\frac{1}{2}$, at which price the yield is $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The Ordinary are about 30s., and the company is doing very well. This is only one out of many, and it will be found that most of them are of comparatively recent issue. As the underwriters get rid of their quota, the price gradually improves, and we would commend this little fact to students of the Official List in their hunt for investments returning a high rate of interest.

AN IMAGINARY SOLILOQUY.

"What to do with Spanish Bonds I don't know," soliloquised the German Emperor, viciously tugging at his moustache. "The country is pretty sure to go to the dogs, even if I do go to the Paris Exhibition, because France cannot support her neighbour for ever and a day. And yet it is dangerous to go a 'bear' of them; the only real chance I ever had of making money on that tack was when I wired to old K. after the Raid out there; but then I was so excited, wondering what Granny would say, that I forgot all about the Bourse. No, I think I will let Spanish severely alone, and pay my boys' schooling out of something else. How on earth am I to do it?" And the unhappy young man stared gloomily at his latest thing in decorations, until a sudden idea struck him.

"I have it!" he exclaimed, tearing a telegraph-form from one of the innumerable bundles that papered the walls. "Buy—me—twenty—thousand—Turks—Group—Two," he wrote, then cut out an unnecessary word to make the money fit in, and handed it to an Aide-de-Camp for immediate despatch. "Turkish things," he went on soliloquially, "Turkish things are going much better when Paris recovers her foolish head, and I don't mean to be left out on this occasion. I have half a mind to buy Italian Fives, but you never know what the Pope is going to do next, do you? Besides, Italy is sure to come to the end of her resources pretty soon, now that I have bottled up the Peace Conference economies. Can't help thinking they look cheap, though," and the Kaiser blew rings of smoke from the cigar he had just lighted. "Those new Russian Bonds, they are a good investment too, only those beastly English will not let them have a free circulation in their country. German Threes? Ah! we know a little too much about them, don't we? No, thanks. Greeks are no good; sold mine never so long ago, and Bulgarians I would not buy for nuts. Is that *The Sketch* you've got? 'Tis mine; now leave me, and for one brief half-hour let me enjoy my hapless life. *Auf wiedersehen*."

THE GOONGARRIE UNITED GOLD MINES, LIMITED.

We have seen some astonishing productions of advertising brokers who were anxious to sell mining shares, but that the liquidator of a concern like the Lady Montefiore United Gold Mines should indulge in the puffing circular, with its elaborate plan and badly-printed views, to get off the shares in his reconstruction, of the nominal value of 5s., fully paid, at 1s. each, amounts to something very like a scandal. What a farce the law is which forbids a company to issue shares at a discount, and yet allows a liquidator to sell 5s. shares at 1s. each! Of course, you can only get the great bargain "if you apply at once," so says the liquidator. Buy 100 for £5, "which is a mere trifle when the ultimate value of the shares is considered." Well, the ultimate value will probably be the price of the paper upon which the things are printed, and, when the

investor of £5 comes to realise on this basis, he will learn the difference between buying for a "trifle" and selling for nothing.

The old stories of fortunes made by Golden Horseshoes, Lake Views, Ivanhoes, and all the other great mines are trotted out by this touting liquidator, who so far forgets what is due to his office as to tell the silly public to whose gullibility he appeals, that "it is only a matter of waiting a short time to see the shares jump to a high premium." A score of assays signed by gentlemen with high-sounding names and titles are set out, but not an assayer knows where the stuff he treated came from, nor, for that matter, can Mr. E. W. Dawson of his own knowledge vouch for it; at any rate, he is good enough to say that the results are not put forward as an average sample of the reefs in the property.

The whole performance is undignified, and not such as the liquidator of any company should indulge in, and we have therefore looked up Mr. Dawson's record to see what his opinion of the merits of the Goongarrie United Mines is worth. We find that the gentleman is, or has been, director of, or connected with, the following mines—

| | |
|-----------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| Chandler's Reward. | West Australian Minerals and Finance. |
| Lady Montefiore United. | Westralia and Randt. |
| Middle Black Reef. | Westralian Mutual Corporation. |
| The Great Northern Boulder Group. | |

But as none of these concerns appear in the latest books of reference, we presume they have mostly gone the way of all bad companies. It would be interesting to find out how much money has been squandered in these same ventures over which Mr. E. W. Dawson, "financier," of 9 and 10, Pancras Lane, once presided; at any rate, none of our readers' cash shall be added to the considerable sum which this successful liquidator has already had something to do with squandering in West Australia if we can help it. Mr. E. W. Dawson is evidently not a mascot at mining speculation.

NEW ISSUE.

The British Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, Limited, is inviting subscriptions for £500,000 6 per cent. Pref. shares. The company has been formed to establish works for the production of electrical machinery in this country. The Board is a good one, and the rights of the American Westinghouse Company have been acquired for Great Britain and its Dependencies and Colonies except North America. The concern starts under good auspices, and the dividend on the Pref. shares now issued is guaranteed for two years by the American company, whose orders for the territory covered by the British Westinghouse Company's concession are certified as of the value of £130,000 for the year ending June 1898, and £266,000 for the year ending June 1899. A site for works has been secured on the Trafford Park estate, and the vendors are taking the whole of their consideration in 500,000 Ordinary shares. As a speculative investment the 6 per cent. Preference shares now offered appear a fair venture.

Saturday, July 15, 1899.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, *The Sketch* Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

CORNUBIA.—We have inquired about the fire insurance company, and find that no accounts are available; but the secretary tells us a balance-sheet and report will be issued shortly.

ELECTRIC.—The most diligent inquiries as to the Arc Lamp shares fail to get any quotation. You may take it the shares are unsaleable.

INQUIRER.—The only reason we know for the low price of the shares is the fact that underwriters got allotments of about 33 per cent., and as soon as the price rises to par they sell. You will have read the report of the meeting, and can judge for yourself of the value of the property.

LOVER OF "SKETCH."—Hold. The present price is 4s. to 5s.

W. G.—(1) We should join this reconstruction, although the concern is not over-promising. (2) As a gamble, North Charterland may be worth holding. Should the Transvaal trouble end in smoke, the shares may be worked higher. We have no faith in the merits of the concern.

LANE.—(1) Stocks and shares are easily marketable when there are plenty of buyers and sellers. The question does not depend so much on merits as on the quantity of stock and the distribution of it among a large body of holders. Plenty of good securities are difficult to deal in because they are held by a small number of people, and their merits are not known to the great mass of investors.

(2) A reasonably safe Brewery debenture. The price is about 105. You can deal in a moderate quantity, but there is not a good market. If it is income you want, there is no reason to sell. (3) To deal in Maple's debentures is a matter of negotiation, but they are easily saleable. The price is 103-105. (4) The Brewery shares are very good, but also very high. There is a good free market for them. Whatever you invest your money in, you run some risk, from Consols down to American Breweries. It is a question of degree.

N. E. LANC.—We do not think either the Dairy or the Brewery shares good to buy for investment. Boots are a good industrial risk.

H. W.—(1) The Iron Company is good of its class, and doing a fine business at present, but all Iron and Steel companies are overcrowded with work, and the trade is booming. The company's past record shows that in such a business you cannot expect any regularity in dividends, which have varied from 10 to 2 per cent. within nine years. We see no sign of a falling off in the Steel and Iron trade at this moment. (2) As to the Quack Medicine shares, if you cannot afford to risk a total loss, sell. (3) We prefer G. Newnes' Preference.

S. F.—We do not know much of the Cold Storage Company, but the Board is a good one, and it is a *bond-fide* concern. We will make inquiries, and answer your questions next week.

NOTE.—We wish to call our correspondents' attention to the fact that letters cannot be answered in the current issue of the paper unless they arrive by the first post on the previous Saturday morning at latest. The largest number of letters reach us on Monday in each week, and as the paper has by that time gone to press, we are obliged to hold the answers over, much to our own regret and the inconvenience of our correspondents.

For the Goodwood Meeting special arrangements have been made by the Brighton and South Coast Railway Company, assisted by the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, and also by the Brighton and Worthing Corporations, for the watering of the roads between the Drayton and Chichester Stations and Goodwood Park.